

# COUNTRY LIFE

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Walter Thomas.

147, New Bond Street, W.1.

THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT HALDANE, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

*From the portrait shown at the Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography.*

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## A Vigorous Policy of Afforestation

TWO or three weeks ago we drew attention to the fact that the Forestry Commission was taking definite steps towards the planting and replanting of virgin land on the one hand and extinct plantations on the other in East Anglia, particularly in the breckland of Suffolk and Norfolk. We are now in a position to place the facts before our readers:

A Forestry Act (1819) created the Forestry Commission. Their actions have hitherto been very substantial and progressive, albeit their praises remain unsung in the newspapers. In Suffolk and Norfolk, counties not far from the metropolis and endowed with extensive areas of sandy heath long lost to the plough or virgin soil, planting has begun in no mere tentative mood. In Suffolk the heaths are near the coast between Woodbridge and the sea, where plantations have been annually supplemented since the Act came into force. The old forest of Tangham will be eclipsed by a new forest of conifers extending, I suppose, to ten or tens of thousands of acres. In Norfolk the sandy breckland where afforestation is beginning lies north and south of the railroad from Brandon to Thetford. Here a larger expanse of country seems suitable for the purpose, and tens of thousands of acres have been acquired, upon part of which planting has been in progress a few seasons and the nurseries stocked up for an accelerated

development. Here, again, the forest will be mainly a coniferous one, but where the chalk lies near the surface a broad band of beech will bisect the pine woods.

It is good to see a display of a full technical knowledge of silviculture just such as the nation expects from a Commission appointed with this object. But it is also a matter of the greatest interest to all English planters, because in this country they have never before had the opportunity of seeing those economic practices employed which are now being put into use here, some tentatively, some already showing evidence of economic success. In Suffolk may be seen a rapidly growing wood of the pinaster, sown at intervals of a few feet over thirty-five acres where old woodland and heather had been severely burnt. The year following after sowing they were two to three feet high and have made similar progress this year. Pinaster was much experimented with in England one hundred years ago and even sown directly, but obtained no recognition as an economic mode of growing timber. Now, however, it appears that the production of the pitwood as grown in the South of France may be introduced here, for the cost of the sowing is only some three shillings per acre.

The conifers so far planted are mainly the Corsican pine and Scotch pine. The former has already been proved to yield in this country a volume of timber about double that of the Scotch. Other conifers are being tested, and one apparent failure, perhaps only temporary, was a section of Douglas fir which seemed overwhelmed by successive frosts in the months of May and June for two successive years. The planting is largely of seedlings planted in a furrow which is so ploughed as to help the seedling by shade and shelter, and the sod is turned just clear of the furrow. The great problem of avoiding drought in this dry soil and dry climate has to be solved by the planter.

The *Eastern Daily Press* remarks upon the Norfolk afforestation: "All those who love the wilder parts of Norfolk will watch with interest the effect which the planting of the big forest west and north-west of Thetford will have on the birds, plants and insects of that area. . . . Yet no one would care to dispute the desirability of afforestation, which will convert unproductive heath land into productive woodland, help to maintain a resident population, and increase our supply of home-grown timber."

The breck country, certainly in the Middle Ages, and probably before, had no woodland, and depended upon the small-leaved elm and the old black poplar which they planted around their homesteads to fulfil much of their requirements in timber. These trees have remained till recently far more abundant here than in other counties. In the eighteenth century conifers were introduced and mile-long rows of Scotch pine were planted. These provided a shelter protecting the sandy fields from the winds, whose occasional wide-wasting sandstorms buried the crops. These belts seem to have been the dominant factor in the disappearance within some fifty years of the great bustard from its ancient haunts. A gallant effort of Lord Iveagh failed in an attempt at their reintroduction some thirty years ago.

The present afforestation must severely curtail the Norfolk stronghold of the stone curlew and inland breeding ringed plover. If alternatives in the lay-out of the land are open to the Forestry Commission, they might judiciously take consultation with the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society, whose interest in the wild life of their country was shown last year by their consigning Scolt Head Island to the National Trust. A.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Lord Chancellor, the Rt. Hon. Viscount Haldane, P.C., K.T., etc. Lord Haldane was born in 1856 and called to the Bar in 1879. He received his peerage in 1911, and was Lord High Chancellor from 1912 to 1915, an office he again holds in the MacDonald Administration.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

NO one in the country remembers a harvest so full of anxiety as that which now faces us. On the ground there is a stupendous crop of cereals, oats alone having been to any considerable extent harvested. Whatever else can be said against the weather of the year, it has been most favourable to growth. Nor, to outward appearance, has the damage done as yet been very considerable. The worst reports are those that tell of a certain growth of young corn from the old ears, a result of the continual moisture. The colour is that of the dark crimson beloved of the farmer, and most of the wheat is standing on its legs: especially is that the case with the sturdy Yeoman variety. But it has ripened so slowly that harvest operations have made little progress even in the south of England, while in the northern counties, Yorkshire, Durham, Cumberland and Westmorland, it will be some time before the grain is ready to be cut. Everywhere the standing crop is enormous. The doubt and anxiety spring out of the continually bad weather. It was hoped when the rain rained nearly every day in August that September would bring about a change, but no change has yet occurred, and it is becoming plain that the crop will not fulfil its first expectation when it comes to be threshed; yet it would still be much better than average if the weather by good fortune should change and give us at least a fortnight's sunshine.

MR. WHEATLEY must now be numbered among the prophets. Speaking at the annual show of the Dalmarnock Allotments Association in Glasgow, he gave it as his opinion that if this country is to survive as a leader among the nations it must again turn seriously to the greater cultivation of its soil. Then he proceeded to make what appears to us a very shrewd forecast of history. It was during the period when we had a practical monopoly of the steel, iron and coal trade of the world that we were able to "scrap our agricultural industry." In the world, he went on to tell us, food producers were many and factory hands comparatively few. All this is going to be changed. Mr. Wheatley considers that the most interesting feature of the industrial revolution now taking place is that nearly every civilised country in the pursuit of profit is withdrawing its people from the land and getting them engaged in town industries—that is to say, they are taking over from Great Britain the work that she used to do for them, and, in consequence, the profits on which her wealth was built up. The result must be that manufactured goods will become cheaper throughout the world, and food dearer. Should this process go on, and there is every appearance of the prophecy being verified by history, he has serious fear that the industrial workers may have before them a hard struggle to avoid sinking in the social scale. At any rate, Mr. Wheatley is now preaching the doctrine that we

have tried to inculcate for years: that the future of Great Britain demands a much greater attention to the cultivation of the soil.

ON Saturday Wembley passed the quarter of a million point as to the number of its visitors, due in part to lowering the cost of admission from eighteenpence to a shilling, and still more to a greater than usual inundation of trippers. The provinces have developed a keen and intelligent interest in the great Exhibition, which is something to be welcomed in itself, and also for the proof it supplies that the Wembley lesson in Imperialism has been heartily received in the country towns and villages and disseminated as the best of news among the entire population. Every inhabitant in these islands has obtained a new and more exact knowledge of the distant parts of the Empire by means of the Exhibition. It has fulfilled that object of its inception most brilliantly, and those who are in the best position to know believe that its second object, that of giving a new stimulus to trade, has also been successfully accomplished. The fact that the popularity of Wembley, instead of dwindling, has enormously increased with the passage of time, lends very great weight to the argument of those who say that it would be an act of waste and folly not to keep it open for another year. It looks as though the second year's success would be greater than that of its predecessor.

A BAD pun and a good laugh will do more to prosper a cause than the most serious oratory. Mr. John Bailey, when taking over the Roman Camp at Runton on behalf of the National Trust, kept his well timed jest to the end of his oration. He had a good story to tell of the acquisitions of the Trust in the north as well as in the south of England, as was to be expected from a man of his tastes. In the south we had the house in which General Wolfe spent his early days, the cottage in which Coleridge wrote some of his poems, and Stoke Poges Churchyard, where we hope the owl still maintains his "ancient solitary reign." Norfolk has shown a preference for natural history and natural beauty rather than for celebrities. Blakeney Point, Scolt Head and Bullfer Grove owe their beauty to the birds. The charm of the Roman Camp at Runton lies chiefly in its magnificent view and general loveliness. These characteristics gave particular aptitude to Mr. Bailey's moral. It was that, though we English are not generally regarded as a literary people, our crowds leave behind them much litter. The jest may not be of the brilliance of a diamond, but it has the cutting power of that precious stone. Let us hope that it will have the effect of teaching visitors to the Roman Camp to be more literary and leave less litter!

### CHILDREN'S LAUGHTER.

The merriment of children  
On light fantastic toes  
As they go dancing down the street  
Hand in hand, in rows,  
The laughter at their eyelids  
Or breaking at their lips,  
Ah, how it brings the heart's tide  
And launches all my ships.  
All ships I've launched for treasure  
To ports I passing hailed,  
All sun-englamoured oceans  
That I have ever sailed,  
The laughter of the children  
In ones and twos and threes,  
Ah, how it calls the heart's tide,  
And brings the sailing breeze.

ANNE F. BROWN.

THE cricket hero of the week is Wilfred Rhodes, who, on Saturday, playing in the match Gentlemen against Players, completed the thousand runs as a complement to his having taken a hundred wickets earlier in the season. The record is that this is the fifteenth occasion on which he has performed this extraordinary feat. Previously, he had shared the record for fourteen years with Hirst, who

performed the double feat before he retired. As it happened, felicitously, he was umpiring in the match on Saturday. The public has become very familiar with Rhodes during the long period in which he has played in the succession of famous Yorkshire teams. They know of his great excellence alike with the bat and the ball, and they know, too, that at a pinch there is no one who can be depended upon so confidently to come to the rescue of a side that has got into difficulties. Over and over again his steadiness and determination have pulled Yorkshire through a great difficulty. Furthermore, he has always been a great favourite with the public, and his attainment of this record will be equally welcome to Players, Gentlemen and spectators.

IF it be true, as is confidently asserted in some of the newspapers, that certain books of Livy have been discovered, the interest will be world-wide. Livy was born at Padua in 59 B.C. and died in the seventeenth year of Our Lord. During his mature life he was engaged in writing the history of Rome, which originally consisted of 142 books, of which 35 are extant. He may, therefore, have written about the Founder of Christianity, although it is not clear from the published accounts whether the alleged discovery of a Life of Christ is attributable to him or to some contemporary. We do not quite understand why so much unnecessary secrecy has been maintained about the occurrence. Livy at this epoch belongs as much to general civilisation as to Italy, and when a find of such importance is alleged, publicity and criticism should be welcomed and not discouraged.

IT seems but yesterday that we were reading the memoirs of Moreton Frewen and laughed heartily at his enthusiastic word painting of the great Victorians whom he knew, and now he and his memories have sunk into the deep pool of oblivion. Prince Hal's phrase rises naturally to the lips, we "could have better spared a better man." Not that there was anything wrong in his character; it was his cheeriness and good nature, his wide experience and the ludicrous incidents he described that gave to Moreton Frewen the individuality which we knew. He was a philosopher who had known many men, seen many countries and carried in his mind many very vivid memories and impressions.

SIR LIONEL EARLE and the Office of Works are to be congratulated on the excellent effects obtained just now by the use of bedding-out plants in one or two of the chief parks, notably St. James's Park and Hyde Park. Despite the weather which has been experienced this year, the beds in these parks are looking remarkably beautiful. The value of dahlias in such a setting is well known, and they are massed here to great advantage. The decorative dahlias, such as Mrs. E. G. Cant, with its blooms of a soft yet bright yellow some seven or eight inches across, and Gloria, with its immense flowers almost scarlet crimson in colour, are used effectively in association with single forms classed as "Stars" or the no less useful Mignon dahlias—compact-habited stars. The cactus-flowered varieties somewhat hide their beautiful blossoms in the foliage, thus serving as an excellent background; while the peony-flowered ones carry their flowers higher, although weak-stemmed and almost shy. One must leave the dahlias to witness the chrysanthemums being put out into their autumn quarters, in their shades of bronze, whites and reds, maintaining the handsome colour effects till late on in the year. The Michaelmas daisies provide a most useful colour in any bedding-out scheme, but the decorative dahlias chiefly merit the attention of the public.

IT is all for the benefit of the sugar beet industry that the amount of assistance given and its duration should be strictly defined. This has been done by the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Noel Buxton, who, appropriately enough, delivered his message to a meeting at Walsingham, in his own Norfolk constituency. The proposal now is to assist the establishment of the sugar beet industry over a period of ten years. During the first four years it is proposed to give a subsidy of 19s. 6d. on every cwt. of white sugar

produced from home-grown beet. For the next three years the subsidy would be 13s. per cwt., and for the last three of the ten years period, 6s. 6d. This is a scheme which should encourage the building of factories and, generally speaking, a greater outlay of capital in the cultivation and manufacture of sugar beet. It is a generous help extended to a new industry, and we hope that advantage will be taken of it. There may very likely be some outcry on the part of the supporters of the Government who, ostensibly at least, are Free Traders, but it is common knowledge that there is a growing rift in the Labour Party in regard to this question. The more moderate of them recognise clearly enough that Great Britain is in need of new industries, and that these cannot be established without the extension of some care to their years of babyhood.

A NEW departure on the part of the Ministry of Agriculture is marked by the proposal to send Mr. H. V. Taylor, Deputy Controller of Horticulture, to Canada and America to study there the arrangements of central fruit-packing stations. The system is for the growers to send their fruit to a central station, where it is graded, packed and certified, so that the consumer knows exactly what he is buying. Up to now the Ministry has practically confined its efforts to the encouragement of fruit shows, arranging conferences, giving demonstrations in grading, packing, and so on, but progress in that direction has been rather slow. Hence the intention to show how the efficient fruit producers of Canada and America prepare their goods for distribution on a basis that the purchaser can regard as a guarantee of quality.

S. MARTHA'S

(September 9th, 1920.)

Near six o'clock—and on the short sweet grass

I lie, amidst the drone of many bees,

And scent of thyme and ling—watching rooks pass

With peevish cawing to their valley trees;

Southward, a break in the far distant blue,

Lies Chanctonbury: west, and nearer home,

Hindhead—yet dusky—comes into my view.

Eastward, by Shere, the valley waits the gloam.

Below me drop the sloping, slumbrous woods

To meet the stubble-fields along the line:

Behind—a rustling in the birch and pine;

And over all, God's little chapel broods.

"Three—Three—Three—Nine—Hail! Mary, full of grace!"

Clear from Blackheath rings o'er the valley-space.

W. B.

IT would be interesting to know who furnishes certain papers with the ghoulish particulars of the last days spent by condemned murderers in prison. Nothing imaginable could be more decadent and unhealthy. Supposing that a paper contained a minute and revolting description of the pantings and agony of a dying animal, there would undoubtedly be indignant protests made by the right-minded. Is not the case ever so much worse when a human being is the subject of this vile species of descriptive writing? Most of the articles convey the impression of having been written by an actual witness, but, surely, Pressmen are not admitted to such scenes? Nor do we think that any of them would publish such descriptions from imagination pure and simple. The only other explanation we can think of is that the matter must come from officials of the gaol in which the miserable wretch is confined, but that this is done with the knowledge of the authorities is incredible, and, if not, then they must be guilty of very great negligence. Unfortunately, though the elders may toss such articles aside, they are apt to catch the eye of children, and no one would argue that a child is not polluted by the perusal of such garbage.

A CURIOUS difficulty has arisen in regard to an old charity at Ravensworth. It seems eminently in need of reform, and the education authorities, both county and central, are making enquiries how this can be achieved. The difficulty is connected with a certain pot; but, to explain, it is necessary to recall the character of the foundation



as it is given by a correspondent to the *Times*. John Dakyn was the Roman Catholic rector in the reign of Philip and Mary. Before his death he tried to redeem his sins by the foundation of an almshouse and school, "desiring now at last to pull in the reins of my youth and to be conducted into the harbour of eternal rest," which is an excellent sentiment in spite of its mixed metaphor. We gather that there are now only six boys in the schoolroom where Matthew Hutton, according to the correspondent, was once taught to avoid "lasciviousness and sauciness." The difficulty arises out of Dakyn's method of choosing annually two wardens for the charity. Six are nominated, and the village cobbler prepares the traditional vessels and instruments. These are a large earthenware pot full of water,

a hammer, a pannikin of hot water and a plentiful supply of cobbler's wax. The vicar hands to each of the nominees a paper with his name on it; this he wraps in a sheet of brown paper and hands it to the cobbler, who kneads each packet into a warm ball of shining wax. These are dropped into the pot, which, after being stirred vigorously, has its lid removed by the vicar, who extracts two of the balls, and the names found therein are the wardens. The problem of the authorities is how to preserve this curiously quaint old custom, with application of the funds that have grown round this old-world charity. It would be rather sad if ingenuity could not introduce the modern note into the school without destroying the spirit of the old priest's charter.

## PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHS of WATER

THE International Exhibition of the London Salon of Photography, which was opened last Saturday at the galleries of the Royal Water-Colour Society, 5A, Pall Mall East, contains an extraordinarily miscellaneous selection of examples of the craft of the camera. Cynical visitors are overheard to remark that in a proportion of the pictures the camera had too little part, and craft—non-photographic—too much. But these suspicions, when pressed home, often turn out to be bad guessing. The print which looks shamelessly touched up is shown to be innocent; and the one which everybody passes as "straight" is admitted by its producer to be

quite otherwise. Of course, in the latter case this merely proves that straightness is becoming more and more the pictorial worker's ideal—even to imitate laboriously; while, in the former, the reproach is cast on the critic's knowledge of the medium, not on the medium as such.

A very elementary example of ignorant criticism of the pictorial photographs commonly hung at this exhibition is that which accuses of "faking" the authors of those prints wherein the edges of light against shade are blurred. Opinions may legitimately differ with regard to the æsthetic advisability of this blur, or the wisdom displayed in the degree of blur; but



Ernest Hoch.

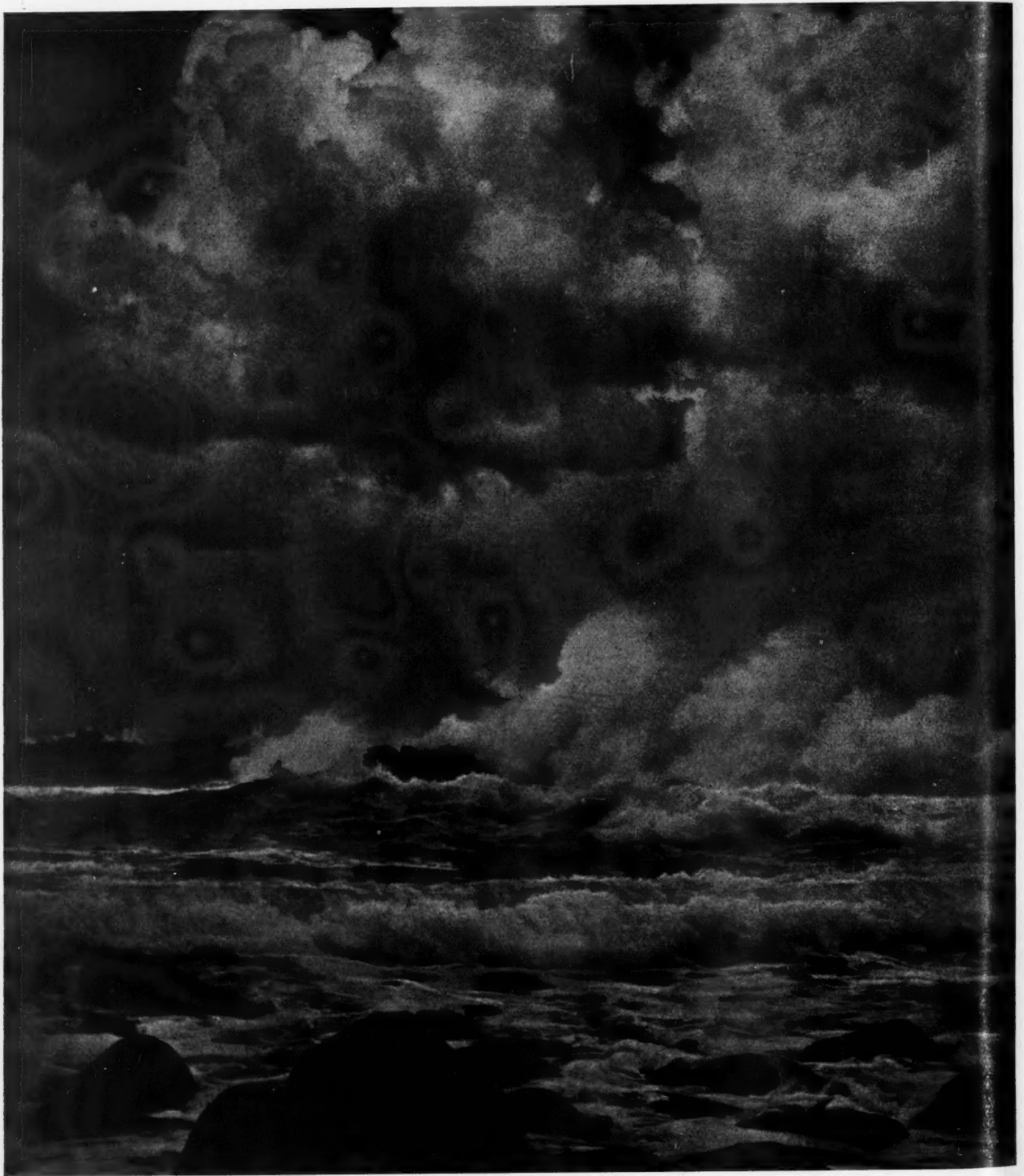
"TUMBLING WATERS

Copyright.

it is a mistake to suppose that the blur represents an intrusion of the human hand into a process which ought to be mechanical. Rightly or wrongly, this blur is produced by optical means—whether by using a soft-focus lens on the camera (such lenses being, for some reason, great favourites in America) or by not dissimilar soft focus in enlarging. The hand cannot counterfeit this particular blur, even if its owner wished so to do. It is literally photographic—as photographic as the excessive and usually tiresome sharpness of minute detail, and metallic harshness of silhouette, which it is meant to remedy.

the snapshotter gets when he tries to photograph a race-horse or a train, and his shutter is inadequate to the task, is merely ugly. But the “frozen” effect resulting from a too efficient snapshot of grotesquely arrested motion is no less ugly.

It is especially so when the arrested motion is of the sort which the camera catches with a cruel precision but the eye in repose enjoys as a generalised and infinitely repeated rhythm. On the walls of this year's London Salon there happens to be an extra large number of prints whose motive



F. J. Mortimer.

"A SUMMER SQUALL."

Copyright.

There are all manner of subjects in which the intrusion of this optical blur is not needed and would, perhaps, be intolerable—scientific photographs, topographical or architectural photographs, news photographs illustrating for the Press the day-to-day history of our own times, and the like. But the London Salon of Photography is concerned with the presentation of subjects purely for their beauty. And in no kind of subject is this question of sharpness or fuzziness more ticklish than those which represent movement or which include locally moving minor items. The blur which

is the rendering of water—the rippling water of the lake, the running water of rivers, the breaking waves of the sea. Here is a form of motion in which the eye delights. The camera manufacturer can give us instruments to photograph it in a thousandth of a second. Scientifically, this may be the way to photograph it. Artistically, it is not the way. One has only to compare Mr. Ernest Hoch's "Tumbling Waters" with the commercial post-card view of Niagara to see why. "Tumbling Waters" is not the streaky mess of vague wooliness which would have resulted from anything so ridiculous



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as a time exposure. It tells its story with impressive exactitude. But the water is moving water, not water stricken dead into the resemblance of ice or glass by that terrible instrument of precision the focal-plane shutter. On the other hand, photography—judicious photography—has captured Niagara with a truth to detail which would have been difficult or impossible for the painter, and has achieved the capturing in a moment.

Detail—but detail stated not so minutely that it exceeds the limit of visual truth—is what we ask for in a pictorial photograph of water in motion, whether it be the lazily quavering reflections of buildings in “A Canal, Venice,” by Mr. Lionel Wood, or the dramatically bursting wave in Mr. F. J. Mortimer’s “A Summer Squall,” the flying spray of which is shadowed so that its grey is of a lower tone than the superb cumulus cloud piled like an Alp overhead. Rendered merely as a curiosity of arrested movement, without atmosphere, that spray would have been as stupid as the splashed custard pie of a comic cinematograph drama in a studio. Rendered as we here see it, with just a touch of softness in its modelling (contrasted with the immobility of the foreground rocks), it gives us an unforgettable impression of the unending turmoil which, from year’s end to year’s end, even in relative calm, knows no such thing as arrest.

The average snapshotter is more apt to get this nigglingness of texture in seascapes and lake scenes than in his pure landscapes or portraits because he knows that at the coast or on a lake there is more light, and he speeds up his shutter accordingly. At the seaside, especially, it is one of the joys of the amateur that the light is so bright. Even in dull weather there is more light for photography on the beach than inland because of the diffusion of the rays mirrored from the water’s surface, and also because of the presence of the wide arch of sky. It is hardly too much to say that plenty of rashly casual button-pressers never know what a fully exposed negative looks like until they have taken photographs at the sea. But too many of the button-pressers, aforesaid have ill digested the little piece of dangerous knowledge which tells them that seaside exposures can be faster than inland exposures and yet not be under-done. As a consequence, innumerable photographs are taken, souvenirs of the holiday, in which the heavings of the sea appear solid instead of liquid, the foam heavy marble instead of weightless froth. The same phenomenon is observed in photographs of rippling lakes or tumbling cascades in streams. Admittedly, it is “photographic”; but it is not the only photography within the compass of the tasteful amateur. (Mr. George Prior’s “Fitful Gleams,” for example, shows how a swiftly moving stream may figure in a landscape and yet be restful, with an effect of generalised, not itemised, motion.)

So, even from the standpoint of truth to nature—always a debatable phrase—there is a good deal to be said for the pictorial photograph as



Ward Muir.

“ON THE ULTAVA AT PRAGUE.”

Copyright.



Lionel Wood.

“A CANAL VENICE.”

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George F. Prior.

"FITFUL GLEAMS."

Copyright.

against the uncompromisingly scientific one; and in this matter of blur *versus* sharpness it may be that, especially in the subjects treated of in this article, it is the blur which most

deserves the description of realism and the sharpness which (if we were entirely logical) would most temptingly lay itself open to the accusation of faking.

WARD MUIR.

## YOUTH AND THE HANDICAPPER

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

LAST week's tournament for the Jubilee Vase at St. Andrews was of general as well as of particular interest. It was, in a measure, as it seems to me, symptomatic of a change coming over the world of golf.

If you look at the records of this competition, as at those of other match play tournaments under handicap, you will find that the scratch and plus players have had in the past much more than their fair share of the spoils. Year after year they have been there or thereabouts, while the receivers of any considerable number of strokes have, as a rule, disappeared early. Last year the change began when the final was fought out by two players both receiving several strokes from scratch. This year the last three men left in, Mr. Desmond Curran (who won), Mr. Esmond and Mr. J. O. MacAndrew, had handicaps of six, three and eight respectively. It should be noted in passing that the handicaps given in the Jubilee Vase are "full" handicaps: there is no question of "three-quarters of the difference." If, for example, Mr. Curran met a scratch player, he received his whole six strokes without deduction. Not only were the receivers of strokes too good for the givers, but from the very beginning of the tournament it was generally thought that they would be too strong. This is not written in a carping spirit, because the scratch players have had it too much their own way in the past, and, indeed, there are still plenty of arrears to make up. It is merely intended as a bald statement of fact.

Two partial explanations may be advanced for this state of things. One is that most of the scratch and plus players who took part in this particular tournament are getting old and are not quite so good as they were. The fact that I happen to be writing this article on my birthday may make me unduly sensitive and self-conscious on this point. Nevertheless, I will make bold to say that the back markers played as well as they could reasonably have been expected to play. They played up to form and, moreover, even if some of them are not so good as they were, neither are their handicaps as low as they were.

The other explanation—a purely local and, as I think, a truer one—is that last week the conditions at St. Andrews made it very hard to give points. There was the very lightest of breezes and the ground was slow. The driving was easy since there was no excuse for any wild hooking or slicing into the whins or the railway. The approaching was easy because the ball did not run far after it pitched, and the putting was easy because the ball could be freely struck and there was no question of "trickling." In these circumstances fours were comparatively easy to get, and nobody can be expected to do many "birdie" threes, so that the strokes, when they came, were nearly always used and were intensely useful.

Neither of these explanations, however, gets to the root of the matter. The real point is, I fancy, that there is a new race of golfers arising, with handicaps varying from four to eight, who play a good deal better than their predecessors in a like station. One scratch player said to me: "There used to be two classes of players to whom one gave strokes. These were old gentlemen who were steady enough, perhaps, but could not get the distance. One could outdrive them. They could get their fives, but they generally were not long enough to get fours. There were some young ones too, but they were as wild as hawks and went all over the place." Now, neither of these definitions was in the least applicable to many of the players in last week's Jubilee Vase. Certainly, there were some steady old gentlemen who were very good near the hole, when they got there, but could not get there quite soon enough. There was at least one terrific, slashing young gentleman who, with his handicap, could have crushed all opposition, but for his occasional and amiable eccentricities in point of direction. But such players as Mr. MacAndrew and Mr. Curran, though they were certainly young, were not eccentric. They could drive a long ball and could easily reach any green in the prescribed number of strokes. Generally speaking, they played all the shots well and they were both good putters. Of course, they made mistakes, rather more mistakes than the scratch player, but their style and manner



of playing was much more that of the scratch man than the six handicap man.

The fact is, of course, that there are far more young golfers than there used to be. One does not need to go to St. Andrews, though one appreciates it there to the full, to know that thousands of small boys now play golf and will turn into a corresponding number of young men golfers. Supposing a boy to play even a very little golf in his holidays, acquire a natural swing and have some turn for games, it will be an odd thing if, when he grows up, he cannot play down to a handicap of, let us say, four. If he is keen and gets any considerable chances of playing, he ought to be a good deal better than that. Even if he makes wild shots he should have something very like a scratch game in him on his good days. And on this account he will present an extremely difficult problem to the handicappers. They, naturally, will not want to be too ruthless with him. At the same time they have to face the fact that he may at any moment produce a game which is, at his points, unbeatable and, indeed, almost unapproachable. All they can do is to do the best they can. There is no need to be too sorry for the scratch man, who has generally won a good many pots and pans in his time and has scratch competitions in which to distinguish himself.

The final of last week's Jubilee Vase, between Mr. Curran and Mr. Esmond, was, in a sense, a contest between youth and age, but Mr. Esmond, though he is, if I may respectfully say so, past the first flush of his youth as a man, is yet a comparatively young golfer, and this made him a very interesting one. After, I believe, playing polo for a good many years he has taken up

golf with the most enthusiastic assiduity and played a great deal with professionals, in particular with Duncan. As a result he has, under that exacting tutor, probed deep into the mysteries of style and has acquired for his own use a style which is really a model of soundness. In the final he made a very bad start and, though he tried hard, was scarcely at his best, but in his earlier rounds he went on hitting the ball with most methodical accuracy—and plenty of length too—time after time. Mr. Curran was by contrast the inartificial player, a little too loose in his swing now and again, so that he would suddenly drop his club below his shoulder with disastrous results, but playing the game as if it came easy and natural to him. It was not his long game, however, that won him the match, but his putting. I never wish to see better approach putting on an important occasion. He was often rather wide with his iron shots, and the St. Andrews greens are very big, but time and again he would lay his approach putt so near the hole that all anxiety was practically at an end. If ever he did have to hole out a nasty, dubious putt, he hit the ball with a nice free wrist as if he were not in the least afraid of it. I suppose everybody has experienced the horrid sensation of getting his wrist "locked" in putting so that he can only give the ball a little jabbing push. Some people have experienced it so often that they have, in despair, cultivated a deliberately stiff-wristed method. Mr. Curran putts habitually, as far as I could see, with a free wrist, and he never looked as if he were going to do anything else, however critical the match might become. I confess that I felt for him a rather jealous admiration.

## MINGULAY OF THE LONG ISLAND

BY ROBERT MOYES ADAM.

**R**OUGHLY speaking, Mingulay rises in gradual slopes from the east, and forms three hills. It has a circumference of some eight or nine miles, dropping sheer down into the Atlantic on the west. Rock practically encircles the whole island except at one point where a wide sweep of white sand forms the shores of Mingulay Bay. North and south of this the cliffs begin and, gradually rising as they go, culminate in the magnificent precipice of Biul-a-Craig, 753ft. and the loftiest on the Long Island.

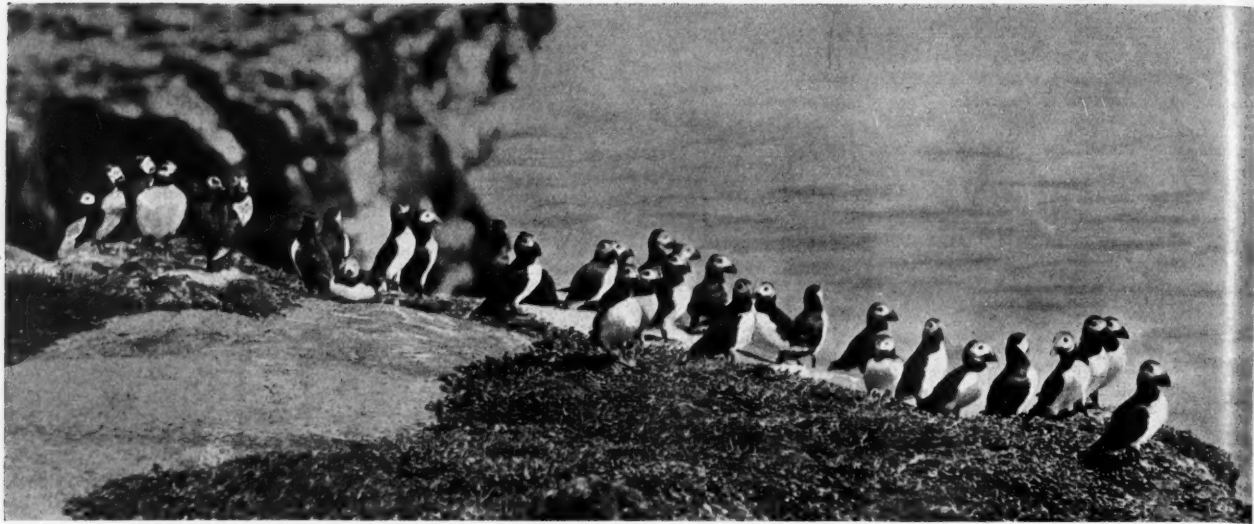
The village, when we were there, mustered about a score of thatched shielings clustered round the bay, while our place of residence—the Chapel House—stood above and on the slopes

of Macphee's Hill. The schoolhouse—and the only other building of note which the island could boast—lay to the south side of the bay; while on the sheltered cliffs of the same side the Congested Districts Board had erected a hut and a stone platform surmounted by a crane—to assist the landing of stores. Incidentally, it should be mentioned, the islanders refused to make any use of such a contrivance, and when last seen, in the summer of 1922, it was rapidly breaking up from wind and tide.

I shall not readily forget how, on the occasion of our first visit, we looked down on the primitive shielings one night in the moonlight, when sea, sand and village were bathed in a sheet of silver. Two native craft had arrived from the fishing, and all the populace were astir to assist in beaching



A CORNER OF THE GREAT GUILLEMOT COLONY.



A DEPUTATION OF PUFFINS WELCOMED US.

the boats. The barking of dogs and much shouting in a foreign tongue floated up to us. Figures came and went on the beach, and presently were seen dragging a big boat through the white crescent of the surf. During the day any illusion of a tropical isle in the South Seas was gone: the natives invested their bodies with civilised raiment, and the desolateness of the

island was no longer in the shadows. But, if the natives were clothed, the island was nude.

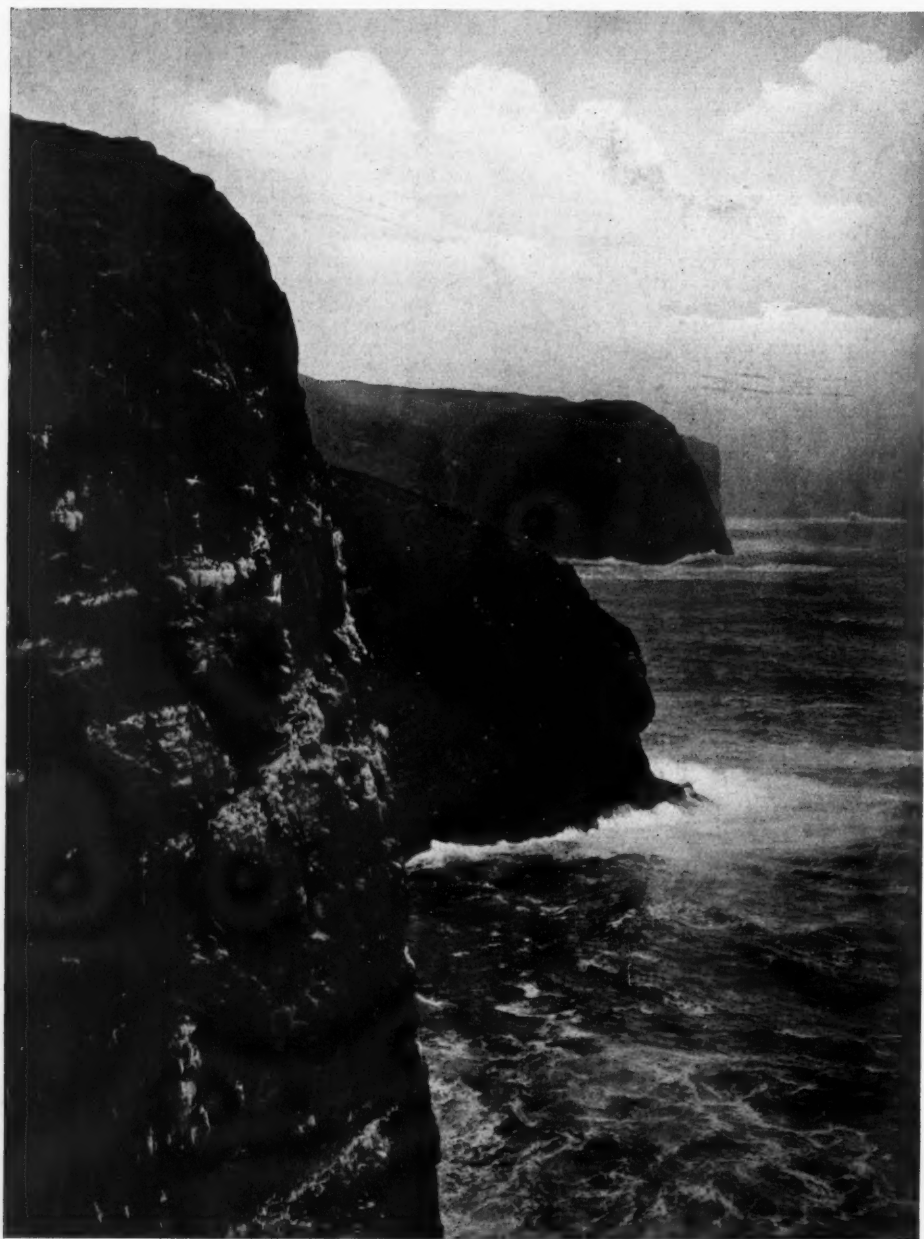
The chief means of sustenance on the island were fishing and crofting. The first is only a profitable undertaking in the lobster department, and the second only yielded a bare supply of oats, potatoes and milk. There were about thirty

head of cattle on the island when we first made its acquaintance, and several hundred sheep. Now there are no cattle; the whole isle is a sheep run, carrying upwards of 2,000 head.

How we lived on Mingulay is a tale by itself. We fished, we fowled, gaffed big conger in the caves, and used the wit of man to bring variety to our table; but it is no part of my story to dilate on this topic, for we were in Mingulay with a purpose—fowling and conger gaffing were only subsidiary sports to appease appetites whetted to razor-like keenness by long June days in the Atlantic air, among the giant crags and their burden of nesting sea-fowl. For on this island is one of the greatest congregations of sea-fowl in the British Isles, covering more or less densely four or five miles of cliff, and we had come to see it and to watch it and, if possible, carry away with us some photographic record of its incredible richness in sea-bird life.

From the village it was remarkable how little of the bird life of the island presented itself—how little to indicate the wealth of life which gathered on the island's fringe every summer. A few gulls sweeping overhead, perhaps the magnificent form of a great black-back, a few shags swimming in the bay would be all the sea-fowl life visible.

A thrush used to herald the morning from the roof of one of the biggands, and from the cultivated patches common buntings persistently droned their monotonous song, while corncrakes from clumps of irises unceasingly sounded their harsh unmusical notes. There were a pair or two of ravens and several families of hooded crows; while away from the fertile hollows almost the only birds distributed over the island were the meadow pipits, the wheatear and the starling. There were also, but less abundantly, the skylark and the



A SUMMER STORM ON THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE ISLAND.



twite. On the cliffs we saw one or two wrens, and among the lower rocks numerous pairs of rock pipits.

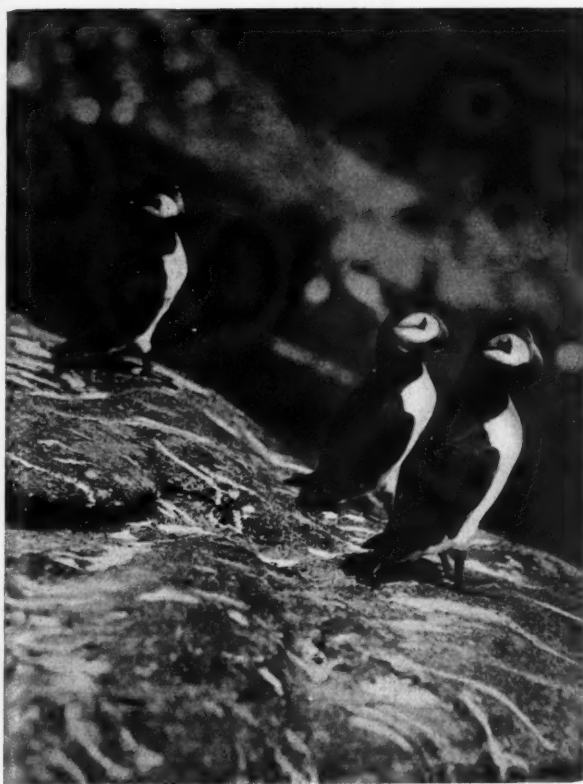
The land bird which interested us most was the purple sandpiper. This migrant seems to linger long on the outer isles on its northward movement, and we saw several birds on the summit of Carnan, Mingulay's highest hill. The bird's movements suggested nesting, but, although a thorough examination of all likely spots was made, we came to the conclusion that the birds we saw were doubtless non-breeding members on their course to more northern latitudes.

On Mingulay itself the first bird after the big gulls was surely the puffin. He was to be found wherever there was soft soil—whether on the summit of the cliff or half way down it—and always the same gravely posed bird, perhaps in council with his equally grave fellows, perhaps solitary in maiden meditation and fancy free. No bird is so unconsciously funny as the puffin. No one could watch them without laughing, and all photographic failures were put down to the fact that whenever stalking them was attempted with the camera the manoeuvre invariably broke down in the middle and scattered the puffin sitters to the four winds. A photograph conveys little idea of how grotesque their appearance is, enhanced by the brilliant colouring of the bill in the breeding season. It is red and yellow and bluish grey, and irresistibly reminds one of the human nasal organ under certain influences. Then, as if to complete the caricature, the Designer has placed the whole of the bird's body on the funniest pair of vermilion legs. The



YOUNG GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULL.

on the broader ledges from which every few minutes one is ejected by the pressure of its comrades. A few seconds later the ejected one reappears, but in order to regain a footing on the ledge he generally drops down on the top of the bustling company, to the loudly expressed indignation and wrath and the evident discomfiture of one in particular which happens to be on the brink. From a coign of vantage one may look down on scores of incubating birds, all, curiously enough, with their faces to the cliff, as if they were resolutely shunning the pleasures of the outer world and bending all their energies to the dismal, thankless task of hatching eggs. Few birds are so careless as the guillemot, yet no bird surpasses it in the attention and affection which it bestows upon its solitary offspring. Later comes the stage when the guillemots take their departure from the cliffs, and the manner in which this act is performed has never been rendered clear. From observations made it seemed as though the young birds were summoned by a call—a low, whistling note uttered by the parents from the sea. And numerous instances were noted where poor little birds, taking



PUFFINS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

nesting operations of this comical bird are usually performed at the end of a long subterranean burrow. There the single egg is deposited, and after an incubation period lasting some six weeks there hatches out puffin junior, a little living ball of soot, with black eyes, black beak and black legs. Later the baby grows, and the sooty breast is gradually replaced by a white down, followed later by feathers; and after a seven weeks' sojourn or so in his underground home, he issues forth an adult bird ready for an oceanic life.

Mingulay boasted representatives of every British gull but one. To see something of the great black-backed gull one required to quit the main island and mount an isolated stack which lay off the coast. This gull prefers the security thus obtained for his nesting business, and, if he can have it, a stack with a flat-topped surface and a good growth of herbage. On climbing to the summit of the stack we discovered several nests and, like most other gulls, the laying period of the great black-back ranges over several weeks. Indeed, the same day as we found nests with eggs we came across several young which were fully fledged and able to fly. To get one within range of the camera's eye was no simple task, and the operation lasted so long that the patience of the parent black-backs was so far exhausted that at intervals they swooped down upon us with menacing threats and anger.

The predominant partner, so to speak, on the cliffs is the guillemot. Every fault and irregularity of the rock face is occupied. There are shuffling, jostling black and white crowds



A RAZORBILL.

what seemed to be a fatal plunge over a hundred feet of rock, landed safely on the water to swim away instantaneously in company with their parents.

Intermixed with the guillemots, in the proportion of one or so to a hundred, are the razorbills—birds which, externally, are almost indistinguishable from the former except by their axe-shaped bills. In disposition they are very different. The guillemot is loquacious, wary, fond of quarrelling and given to a great deal of aerial exercise. The razorbill, on the other hand, is a silent, confident, peace-loving bird straying only at rare intervals from its solitary egg. In among the razorbills and the guillemots are the kittiwakes, those pearly mantled gulls whose never ceasing, ailing, fretful cry, commingles with the rolling "gurr" of the guillemots and the deep reverberations of the surf to form the unforgettable clamour of a sea-bird city. This gull has very little in common with the habits of the bigger gulls. The kittiwake seems to be satisfied with the scantiest building site of any known seabird. It is usually composed of odd pieces of seaweed which are gradually cemented together to form a solid, immovable mass upon which the birds deposit their three olive-coloured eggs.

In the recesses of the great chasms which the ceaseless grind of the tide and spume of Atlantic weather have hewn into

the vitals of the island shags nested in hundreds. The young of these birds are ungainly when half grown, presenting great grey-black down-covered bodies for some time before the feathers appear—a stage in their life-history when they are much esteemed by the Hebridean as an article of diet.

Of the sea-fowl which breed on the cliffs, perhaps the presence of the fulmar petrel calls for special notice. No birds were observed in 1905, although in the neighbouring island of Barra Head a few pairs were breeding in 1907. It was, therefore, interesting to discover that in the summer of 1922 no fewer than four separate colonies had become established on the Mingulay cliffs, each having anything from twenty to forty pairs of birds.

But these great times on the cliffs came to an end. And at length, towards the close of a long summer's day, we gathered our goods and chattes together for the last time, scrambled down the rocks and re-embarked on the craft which bore us back to civilisation. As the boat sped swiftly north one looked back on that bleak and desolate isle, rising now, as it seemed to do, forlorn and grey, in the deepening shadows amid a dark world of waters, and understood, perhaps for the first time, how richly nature had endowed that seemingly despised fragment of Old Scotland.

(Concluded.)

## THE PROSPECTS OF NEW ZEALAND

THE Briton is a sturdy plant, and readily takes root in any land and climate. He will thrive on frozen prairies, arctic wastes and in tropical jungles. He does not mind whether he is north or south of the Equator, or actually astride it; whether he has Christmas in summer or winter, or if the seasons are a perpetual spring. The pioneering Briton has "turned the first sod" in the civilisation of many new lands.

In no country, perhaps, has he found more congenial conditions than New Zealand. Like England, it is small, fertile and beautiful; but it has a more equable climate, and abundant sunshine. The settlement of this dominion was not a mere haphazard venture, and the early colonists were drawn from the best British stock. After nearly a century of civilisation, you find New Zealand to-day adhering very closely to many British traditions. To meet the exigencies of a remote, new country, however, she has amended, expanded or modified some of this inheritance. In suffrage, labour legislation and health measures, she has blazed a trail for the world, although she has never had a Labour Government. Building soundly, she has based her prosperity on the promotion of equality—equality of opportunity. Through legislation and practical democratic ideals, she has sought to prevent the creation of two classes—paupers and millionaires—the theory being that when everybody

gets enough, there is not much left over to make millionaires. There is a limit to the amount of land a man may own, but that limit allows a wide margin for the accumulation of wealth and the development of considerable personal prosperity. It, however, prevents monopoly.

New Zealand is not socialistic. Rather is it fiercely individualistic. One man, one farm; one family, one home is a sort of underlying principle. The size of the farm and the kind of home depend very largely upon the industry and ability of the owner. Twenty or thirty years ago land could be acquired for small sums. The amount of capital a man has to invest is now a very necessary consideration. The bush has been felled, land cleared, swamps drained, and these fertile lands have become valuable. There is still land to be opened up—bush to be felled—but that means years of hard work. The cry of to-day is for farming made easy, and machinery is replacing manual labour. The man without capital must take up the rough country, like the pioneer; it takes money to buy improved lands.

In a country where all labour is organised, even the farm labourers, shearers, etc., the greater a man's knowledge and personal industry the less is he dependent upon hired workers. A large family is a great asset, particularly upon a dairy farm, because no outside labour is required. Milking on shares is



HEREFORD CATTLE SEEK THE SHELTER OF THE BUSH.





HARVESTING IN MARLBOROUGH.



A BIG COUNTRY HOUSE AND GARDEN.



PICTURESQUE FARMLANDS, BANKS PENINSULA.

a form of profit-sharing much employed, the owner of the farm and herd sharing profits with the family which does all the work.

The total freehold land in New Zealand is over 20,000,000 acres, public reserves 7,000,000, Crown leases 18,000,000 acres, native lands 5,000,000, and land unfit for settlement (including rivers, lakes, mountains, roads, etc.), nearly 4,000,000 acres. The average holding is 510 acres per man. Over 2,000,000 acres are being used for agriculture, 6,000,000 for dairying, and 35,000,000 for pastoral purposes. More than 23,000,000 sheep are grazing in the Dominion, and the export of wool last year was 321,000,000lb., while frozen mutton totalled 2,500,000 carcasses, and lamb 5,479,780.

An applicant taking up Crown lands must be over seventeen years of age, and the land must be occupied by him personally. Including the area applied for, he must not own or occupy more than 5,000 acres of third-class land. (For the purpose of computation, one acre of first-class land is reckoned as the equivalent of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  third-class acres, and one of second-class land to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  of third-class.) In cases of land aggregation, the Land Board Commissioners can compel sale for subdivision, if it is considered in the public interest. This is not an arbitrary measure for dispossessing landowners of their old homesteads. It is usually employed to compel those owners to sell who had acquired large areas cheaply in the early days, and who are not cultivating or improving them, but merely "squatting" and waiting to reap an unearned increment through their neighbour's industry and enterprise. It is deemed wiser to have close settlement, each man owning his farm, when he, naturally, works it to the best advantage. This makes for greater production and more stable prosperity than when held in big blocks and sublet to tenants. It encourages enterprise, which, backed by Government loans to settlers, enables them to become prosperous farmers and landowners in their own right.

Part of the Government repatriation scheme for returned soldiers (41 per cent. of the men of military age went to the war) was to buy up big estates and open new lands and subdivide them for lease or sale, on special terms, to the soldiers. Unfortunately, the high war-time prices resulting from the commandeering of our produce sent land values soaring, and many of these transactions were executed at the peak of high prices, which have since fallen. Despite this, however, up to the end of 1923 the Government has advanced £21,278,221 to 21,584 soldier-settlers under this scheme.

The cutting up of lands induces closer settlement and stimulates the growth of small towns. There is no desire to start a stampede of England's surplus girls, but it is said that on one country road in Taranaki (one of the chief dairy districts) there are sixty bachelor farmers.

In some countries it is the fool of the family who drifts to farm work. In the United States, the lure of the city, with its get-rich-quick possibilities and amusements, has caused a dangerous drift from the farm. This is not so in New Zealand. With dairy lands costing sometimes over £100 per acre, the purchase of high-grade cattle, the installation of milking machines, etc., the successful farmer needs to be part scientist, mechanic and business man. With a handicap of 12,000 miles from his market, he meets the world in open competition. It is only the excellent quality of New Zealand's produce that has enabled her to win a place as the foremost dairy country in the world.

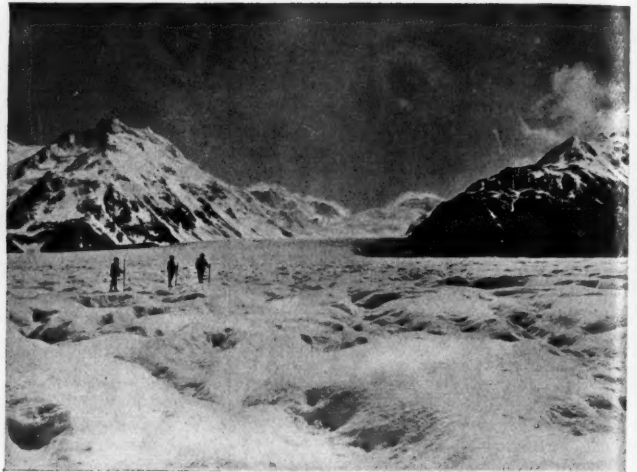


KAURI PINE LOGS BEING FLOATED OVER WAIROA FALLS,  
NORTH AUCKLAND.

During 1923 her exports of butter and cheese were about equal, being over 1,160,000 cwt. of each, which exceeds the output of any other country. There are more than a million dairy cows in the dominion, and over 600,000 are milked by machines. This industry, which is making rapid strides, is still a long way from its fullest development.

To achieve its present position, in the face of pioneering handicaps and the long distance from markets, has necessitated careful breeding of stock, scientific methods, rigid grading of exports and sound co-operative systems of manufacture and marketing. There is still much to be done in this direction to co-ordinate all the resources, keep the standard high, expedite transportation, and safeguard the commodity when it reaches the British market.

It has been said that in England the first son goes into the Army, the second the Navy, and the third the Church. In New Zealand a prosperous business or professional man usually buys a farm as a sound investment, and likes to have one son a farmer. The Dominion is building up a young squire type. It means hard work, but great compensations. There is a freedom that the city man is denied. It is with pride that we speak of the scenic beauty of the country; of the great forests of timber trees with an undergrowth of tree ferns and palms; alps like Switzerland, lakes like Italy, fiords like Norway, and singular thermal phenomena, with spouting geysers and healing waters. There are 4,000 miles of coastline, indented with snug little bays and magnificent harbours between, stretches of jagged rocks and precipitous headlands. Rivers for boating and fishing, lakes teeming with trout, deer on many a hillside will provide oppor-

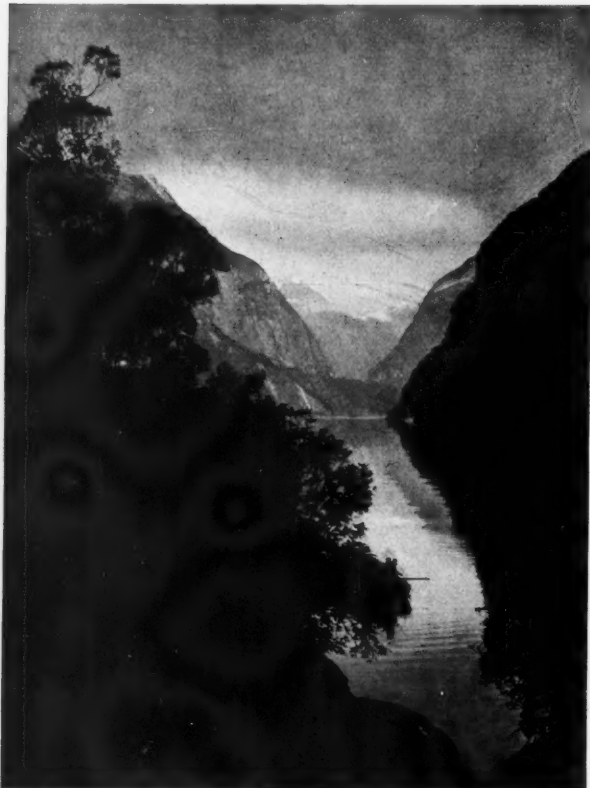


MOUNTAINEERING: THE TASMAN GLACIER,  
SOUTHERN ALPS.

tunities for sport. New Zealanders are an outdoor people, and tremendously keen on athletics and sports. Dr. Mayo, the most noted American surgeon, who has just returned from an extended tour, stated in a New York paper: "New Zealand has the finest race of men in the world to-day, physically and mentally. They have been drawn mainly from British stock, and the immigration is highly selective. The New Zealanders live out of doors to a great extent, and their lives have few artificial elements. They are strong and healthy, clean of mind and body."

The whole year is peppered with race meetings. Football is the national game, while tennis, golf, cricket, hockey, polo, bowls and croquet are played by an enthusiastic following. As there are no foxes, they hunt a "drag." Such games as golf you may play the whole year round, although winter is the real season for it. There is no big-game shooting, as the forests harbour neither wild beasts, snakes nor other reptiles.

New Zealand suffers from a dearth of domestic servants. There is no hereditary serving class, and no coloured labour. Most of the girls with courage and ambition enough to emigrate do not long remain in service, but use it as a stepping-stone to more congenial and remunerative employment. This necessitates the development of an independence born of skill. Domestic work is drudgery to the unskilled, but knowledge and experience eliminate many unpleasant features. New Zealand girls learn housework and cooking as part of their general education. The Dominion has set its face religiously against the idea that aristocracy and inefficiency are synonymous terms. You find educated young men taking up back-block farms, building simple homes, and marrying girls of refinement and accomplishment,



ENTRANCE TO MILFORD SOUND, MOST BEAUTIFUL OF FJORDS.



IN A VALLEY OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS.



and together they share the early struggle to lay the foundations of future prosperity. The old pioneer spirit is not yet dead, though conditions improve with each generation. Poverty of mind is one of the greatest curses in farming communities. They think, talk and dream cattle, pigs and sheep. The newer generation of farmer has something else in his head. It is a skilled occupation with keen competition, and his interests and activities are necessarily widespread. It is no singular manifestation of farming conditions to see a lithe, sun-tanned young man rounding up his herd, attending to his milking or shearing plant, busy with sheep, doing the hard manual labour on his farm, and at night to meet him at a theatre, concert or dance, groomed and in every way equal to his professional brother from the city. After it is over, he motors home to snatch a few hours' sleep before milking time. Nearly all the farmers now own a motor car; it is a necessity, and the family and the milk cans may take turn about riding in it. The farmer has little leisure in the busy season, but life on the land does not mean being cut off from all social intercourse, nor the atrophying process which so often accompanies rural residence.

The sheep lands are less fertile than those used for dairying, and are held in larger areas. Socially, the sheep farmer sits one pew higher than the dairyman. The latter live in closer proximity, and each group usually forms a co-operative company, erects a plant, and manufactures butter and cheese. Some install a dual plant, and switch from butter to cheese as the prices fluctuate. Daily the dairy farmer drives his milk to the factory, where it is weighed, tested, and the cans are returned full of skim milk, with which he feeds the pigs and calves. The dairy factory

manager on a big farm, or, if he already has some capital, he may take up a farm on lease or purchase.

As an act of gratitude to the men of the Merchant Marine and Royal Navy for their gallant service during the war, a sum of £214,000 was subscribed by the sheep farmers of New Zealand for the benefit of dependents of officers and men killed or disabled. They have now inaugurated a scheme to assist the sons of these sailors. A charming home-stead and farm, Flock House, has been purchased, and instruction and experience will be given to these British lads under the most pleasant conditions. The boys eligible must be sons of officers or men of either the Royal Navy or Merchant Marine (including drifters, mine-sweepers, etc.), and they must be between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. The cost of their passage out and outfits will be borne by the trustees of the fund, with the assistance of the New Zealand and Imperial Governments. Special inducement is also being offered to English Public School boys to take up land and join that country which is over 99 per cent. British. The total population is not yet one and a half millions, but a fine mesh is kept across the front door. A desire for population at any cost has been deprecated. After all, it is not so much "How far have you gone?" but "Which way are you going?" Speed in the wrong direction too often means retracing your steps.

For men of small capital who wish to begin modestly, fruit farming and bee-keeping offer sound opportunities. There are 70,000 acres of orchards, and the apples being sold at Wembley can testify to their quality. The conditions and climate are particularly suited for bee farming, and already the annual export



SHEEP GRAZING IN THE KING COUNTRY.

is a kind of community centre, where the men talk things over while the milk is being delivered.

These co-operative groups elect a committee from their numbers, and either deal direct with the Tooley Street firms in London, or sell on consignment. Each group makes its own arrangements, but the Government has the last word. The produce must be up to standard, or the graders will not pass it for export. The object is that the words "New Zealand" and "first grade" shall become synonymous in the markets of the world.

The sheep farmer is more isolated, but improved roads, motor cars, railways and the extension of telephones into the very heart of the back-blocks are relieving this hardship. Life on many sheep stations is very full and interesting. The home-steads are beautifully situated, with gardens, trees and lawns, and often the domestic appointments are more up-to-date than in the towns.

New Zealand has enormous potential water-power, and the Government is spending £10,000,000 on a developmental scheme which should ultimately supply light and power not only to the cities, but to the farms, for running milking plants, shearing machines, etc., in addition to household use.

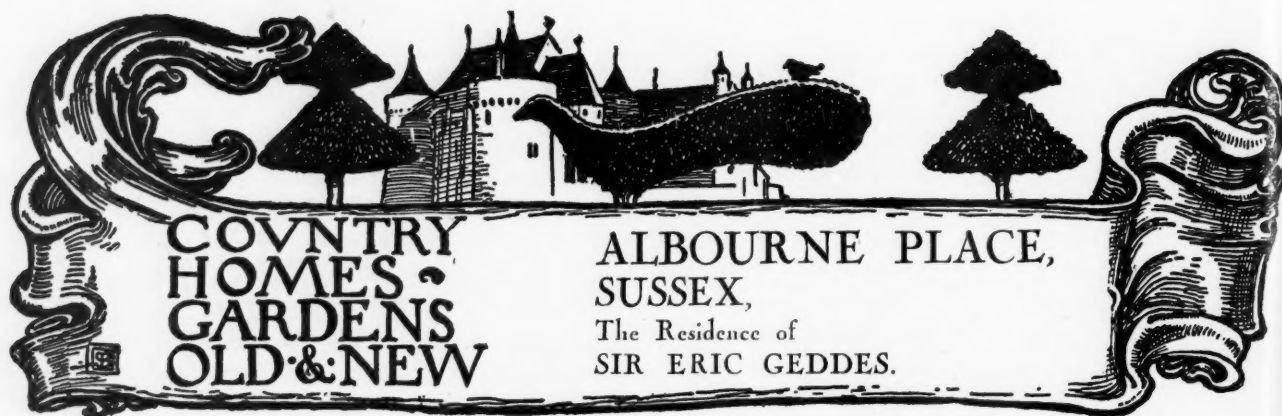
When contemplating farming in New Zealand, practical experience of land, climate and conditions is essential, despite knowledge of farming elsewhere. Many men go as farm cadets, living as a member of the family, and learning farming in the most practical manner. After a couple of years' experience of this kind a man very often extends his experience as assistant

of honey is nearly 3,000,000lb. Of the 40,000 acres of native "flax" (*phormium tenax*), from which we manufacture hemp, some of this is being drained and brought into dairying, as it is particularly rich soil. Ultimately, no doubt, it will all become farm lands; but so long as prices hold, and the little pest which attacks the flax leaf is kept in check, the export of hemp will add to our annual wealth.

New Zealand is a country of four cities and many towns, and publishes sixty-two daily papers, besides tri-weekly and bi-weekly ones in the really little places. Though dominion news is of first importance, there is an excellent cable service from the outside world, and "cable" page keeps the New Zealander in touch with outstanding events in every country.

The theatre and concert hall are not so impoverished as the distance might suggest. Many of the world's greatest artists, actors, singers and instrumentalists visit New Zealand and Australia; and distance is sometimes an ally, as it is too hazardous a venture to take a third-rate company out. If it fails, the loss is tremendous. The New Zealand audience is keen and appreciative, but also critical; and productions, though not numerous, are often very close to London standards.

Probably no country can offer so much simple joy without "paying at the gate." You get the peace, the sunshine, the beauty, the freedom, the camaraderie, and the chance of health and prosperity. If you need the hurry and rush of great cities and the mellow joys of the Old World, do not go out there. If you are young, strong, ambitious, you can yet make a world of your own.



"SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain"—  
how goes the tag? Auburn of—

The never failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill.

Yet, perhaps, it does not matter, and I need not set off in search of my Goldsmith, since the name at least of "The Deserted Village" in question has been identified as Aldbourne in Wiltshire, and not Albourne, a mile off the Brighton road.

Dazed by the thunder of the chars-à-bancs as they hurtle shrieking to the coast, the rustics of the neighbourhood do not recollect ever having heard of "Allbourne"—as the men of the weald speak the name. To them it is "Ahh'n." And that is how Goldsmith got a name for his imaginary township, the "swains" of which were forced by a rapacious encloser to "seek a kinder shore."

The Wiltshire village may, for all I know, correspond closely to the melancholy description of the bard. But even if it still enjoys a moderate prosperity, this Sussex hamlet presents no spectacle of woe, nor does "long grass o'er the mouldering wall." Least of all could it be said that the neat and modest old house that Sir Eric Geddes has made his home—

Takes up a space that many poor supplied.

Albourne Place is, in fact, one of the two manor houses whose occupants divided between them the manor of Albourne. The other is Paykin's Manor, now the home of Dr. Orlebar, who,

in making out the history of the Paykin's half of the manor, has collected an equal quantity relating to the other, which he has very kindly placed at my disposal. This is all the more fortunate since this part of Sussex has not been blessed with a competent county historian, and all information has to be gleaned from sparse references among wills and other records, "the work of a man's life to read."

As it stands, the building is a fairly perfect squire's house of the mid-seventeenth century, the brick fronts, except on the entrance side, diversified with pilasters. This latter elevation (Fig. 1), with the broad member formed by the entrance door and chimney above it, which is not in the centre, did not lend itself so readily to symmetrical classic treatment, and was, therefore, divided up by pseudo-quoins of brick, a treatment repeated in the office buildings that adjoin it to the south (Fig. 4).

It is only necessary, however, to step inside to find that these brick walls enclose a house of the late sixteenth century, with a noble flight of oak stairs and panelling of the period. In the office wing, moreover, there is evidence, in the shape of a great moulded ceiling beam, that a yet earlier manor house, probably of the late fifteenth century, was converted to its present use when the later block was built, and was similarly encased in brick. There is little doubt that this fifteenth century building succeeded a dwelling of yet remoter antiquity, that was the manor house inhabited, on occasion, by the family of de Broc,



Copyright.

1.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SHADOW OF THE STABLES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright

2.—FROM THE Paddock.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The retaining wall immediately below the house was a much-needed improvement.



Copyright

3—THE WEST FRONT, LOOKING PAST THE ILEX TREE TOWARDS ASHDOWN FOREST.

"C.L."

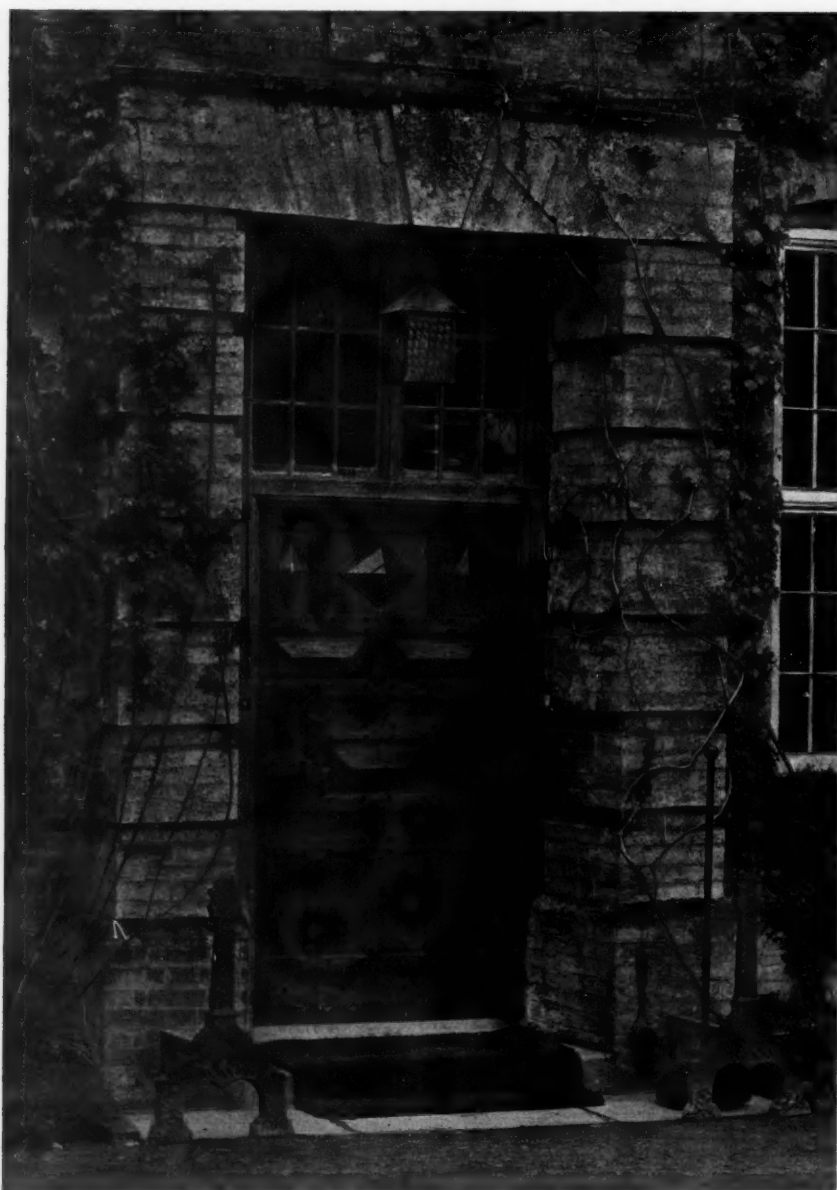


Copyright.

4.—FORECOURT AND KITCHEN WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The sundial is a reproduction of a famous Scottish model.



5.—THE ELIZABETHAN DOORWAY, WITH SUSSEX IRON FIRE-DOGS AS SCRAPERS.

noted as settled here in 1274. For how long the de Brocs had owned the three hundred acres that they were then ascertained to possess is uncertain; but they were a knightly race a hundred and twenty years earlier, when Sir Ranulf was rash enough to take Henry II at his word, as every child can tell, and ridded him of Thomas à Becket. By the time that they are recorded as settled at Albourne they had converted their swords, if not into a ploughshare, into a pair of shears. For in the year following the succession of Nigel de Broc to the estate in 1274, Ralph de Stapleton was empowered to proceed against him "for having exported wool and other merchandise to Flanders, and, contrary to the King's proclamation and his own oath, of having had dealings with the Flemings." At so early a date it is rare to find evidences of the Government taking steps to interrupt the wool trade with Holland; but the orders to de Stapleton (a curious coincidence, by the way, that he bore a name so nearly allied to his profession) were no doubt given under the statute of 1271 that temporarily prohibited the export of wool to Flanders, enacted not, as were the later laws, to encourage the English weaving industry, but to bring pressure to bear on Flanders for political reasons.

Nigel de Broc was succeeded by Thurstan, mentioned in 1296, who was followed by another Nigel, referred to in 1318 as selling some land. This Nigel appears to have been still living in 1332. But the Nigel and Olive, his wife, who are mentioned in 1347, were probably the next generation, and John, living in 1369, their son and heir. For over a century after his time there is a gap in our knowledge of Albourne. But in 1497 the place was acquired by Edmund Threel, who, in all probability, built the earliest part of the existing house. Threel's house, so far as it is possible to say, was a long half-timber building, now used as a scullery at the west end (see plan) and, at the east end, as stables. The kitchen has a heavy mantel beam (Fig. 12) and an early door, but these do not accord with Threel's work. The kitchen lies outside the ascertained extent of Threel's house; it is, therefore, probably of the later sixteenth century. But there is the beam already mentioned in one of the upper rooms in the wing, indicated on the plan by the dotted line (b, b). On that a roll moulding, that forms part of the moulding of the lower side of the beam, rises in the centre of the beam into a peak with concave sides, surmounted by an ogee-shaped finial—all this being carved roughly on the surface of the beam. The style of this work corresponds to the date when Edmund Threel purchased the place.

To-day, this range of buildings is cut in half by a gap leading from the forecourt to the gardens, and communicating with the rooms in the stable part. The ends of the roof-tree can, however, be clearly seen in the points of the gables exactly facing each other either side of this open passage. The construction of the timber roof is also similar on either side. These facts, added to that of the bricks of the passage walls being of the seventeenth century, indicate that this was originally one long building. Now the ornamental first-floor beam is worked on a large scale. The



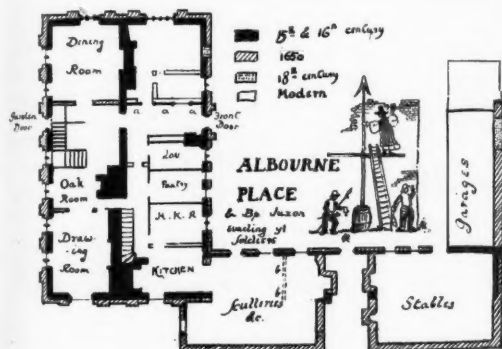
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mouling is some three inches wide and is at present on a level with the eye. It would seem, then, that it was originally intended to be viewed less closely, and was, in fact, in the open roof of Threel's great hall. If that is so, the entrance to Threel's house would have been where the building has been cut in two, and a kitchen and offices would have occupied the existing stables.

In 1510 the Threels parted with Albourne to Richard Sandys. The dates are so close together that, possibly, Sandys, and not Threel, was the builder. We have no means of distinguishing.

The only definite clue to the date when the next part of the house was built is, unfortunately, so illegible that one hesitates to rely upon it. It consists in a few marks on the surface of a door (the left top panel in the door seen open in Fig. 9) which, together with two other doors, formed the screens of the late sixteenth century hall, the upper part of which is still *in situ* immediately to the right as you go in, from front door to stair hall, marked on the plan a, a. The marks may be only the vagaries of an insect, but they are uncommonly like a date traced with a red-hot poker upon the wood. So far as one can make out, the date is 1585, or 1596. Would such a date fit either the history of the house, so far as it is ascertainable, or the character of the work surviving?

The place passed from the Sandys to Sir Walter Roberts, Knight, in 1629, and ten years later John Juxon bought it. Juxon almost certainly refaced the building in a semi-classic style after the Civil



6.—A SKETCH PLAN.

Wars, for there is a persistent tradition that his brother, the bishop, escaped the emissaries of the Parliament by disguising himself as a bricklayer and working on a chimney. The tradition goes on to say that one of the chimneys is inordinately large, for the reason that the soldiers spent so long searching for the bishop that he had to go on building and building until they had gone away: 1639 may, therefore, be an outside date for the "late sixteenth century" work. Probably it was anterior to Roberts' purchase in 1629 also. The most considerable works of this period are the staircase (Figs. 7 and 8) and the fire-arch and overmantel in the study (Fig. 9). The arcading in the overmantel is comparable to the arcaded balustrading of the staircase and to the arcade that surmounted the screens already referred to. These, on the face of it, one would assign tentatively to the first twelve years of James I's reign, though they might have been wrought ten years outside that limit either way. If so, the date 1596 becomes a possible one, though somebody must have had something important to say about burning dates on a nice new screen.

The lower parts of the screen have been converted into doors. These are carved with a flat channel moulding, so that a raised portion, of flat rectangular section, is left round each panel. One such door is seen on the left of Fig. 9. It is alterations like this which make it puzzling to read the past with the eye only. One experiences the problem in many an old house, and especially is it puzzling when any new work has been so carefully done that it appears forthwith to have the air of age; for then, when the years have passed, it becomes almost impossible to dissect what was



Copyright. 7.—THE UPPER LANDING OF THE STAIRS. "C.L."



8.—ELIZABETHAN CARPENTRY OF A RICH GOLDEN BROWN.



Copyright

9.—THE STUDY, OPENING TO THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

10.—THE DINING-ROOM, ALTERED EARLY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. "COUNTRY LIFE."



original from what was of subsequent date. This, too, may arise without attempting deliberate mimicry or deception, but purely from the veil which Time spreads over everything, regardless of period.

Photographs of the place as it was found show a picture very different from the sunny, airy house looking up to Chanctonbury Ring to the south and away to Ashdown Forest northwards. It was grown up and decayed. Among the other repairs was the insertion of the stone mullions on the garden fronts and the replacement of the original front door (Fig. 5). This perfectly good door had been consigned to the vaults and a replica hung in its stead, that now does duty on the garden front. This door is, no doubt, the original one of 1590, but while it now hinges on the right, as you look at it from outside, marks both on the door and the stone jamb show that it was formerly swung from the left, so as not to mask the entrance through the screens. The wall on that side of the entrance passage was recessed to admit of the door being pushed out of the way when open.

The staircase is a very fine piece of work, the arcading being exceptionally good. The purple Delft tiles now filling the fireplace in the study (Fig. 9) were found in the deep sloping sills of the two first-floor windows that light the upper part of the stairs, where, presumably, they had been placed by John Juxon.

This man was the younger son of Richard Juxon, Receiver General of the Bishop of Chichester, his elder brother, William, being the famous bishop who attended Charles I to the scaffold and his body to the grave at Windsor. It was his conduct on these occasions that brought the Parliament officers on his track, whom he so singularly evaded: an event which enables the date 1650 to be ascribed with some confidence to the brick facing of the original timber structures. Somewhat similar work, of the same date, was recently illustrated at Packwood House (COUNTRY LIFE, August 9th, last). Its effect is completely satisfying, though it is a thousand pities that the original roofing of Horsham slabs has disappeared from all but a section of the stable roof. That, no doubt, was the original covering, and the roof timbers were strong enough to support it.

At the back of the garage runs a wall, now clothed on its eastern side with delicious fig trees, in which occurs a bricked-up arch. Exactly opposite the entrance to the 1590 block, it most likely marks the main line of approach to the forecourt, at a time when the north side, now open, was also walled in. It appears to have been bricked up early in the nineteenth century, when considerable alterations were made—probably the wall was built by Juxon to enclose a forecourt, again, it may be noted, similar to that at Packwood House.

At the Restoration, John Juxon, son of the rebuilder, was made a baronet, but in 1665 he sold Albourne to Sir John Fagge, Bt., whose son was living in 1700, and is said to have been an eccentric character. His peculiarities, however, did not affect the



11.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, LOOKING THROUGH THE STUDY TO THE HALL



12.—SIXTEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES. THE KITCHEN.



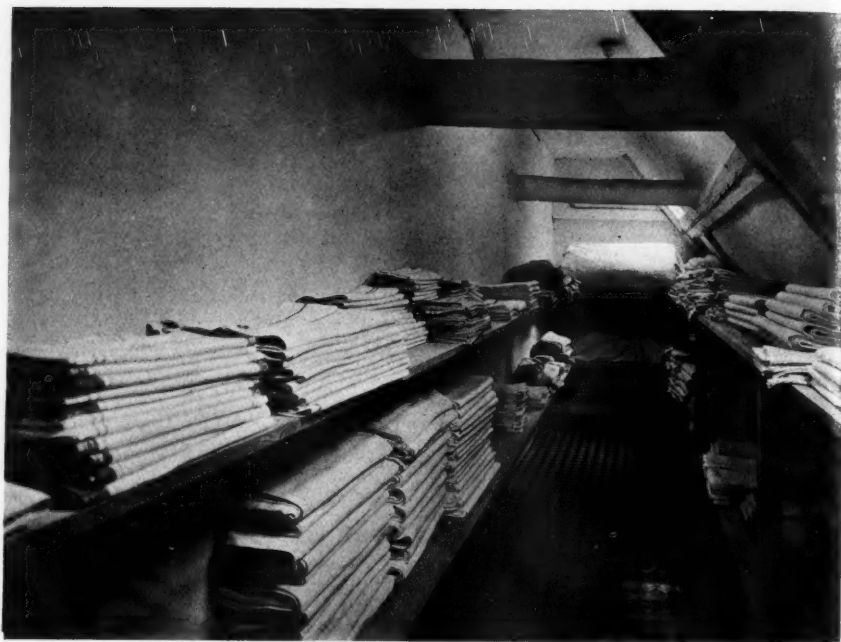
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13.—THE BOYS' ROOM.

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

house, which, on his death, passed to his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Goring of Wiston, to whose descendants it has belonged ever since.

There is much about the house, apart from its charm, to interest the visitor. Not only does the original axe, the gift of a group of admirers, and wielded so effectively by Sir Eric, hang upon the walls of his room, sharp and bright, to be swung again in the sacred cause of economy, but many interesting relics and records of the war are here preserved. Of more practical interest are the up-to-date fittings. Whatever the architectural interest of an old house, nothing but modern equipment will be suitable in its workaday quarters. These must, willy-nilly, be made to suit exactly the needs of their occupants. Surfaces must be such that they facilitate cleaning; the kitchen range must be thoroughly up to date (one may buy a chair or a sideboard of the day before yesterday, but never a range or a motor car!); and there must be convenient means for storage and service. In the working quarters at Albourne these matters have received their full measure of attention, as might be expected in the house of one with so keen a mind as Sir Eric's. The kitchen is a veritable laboratory. The range is set in a white tiled recess, the walls have a dark enamelled dado with a white finish above, and in the centre of the room is a pair of white-topped enamelled steel tables of the most modern kind, with drawers and cupboards on either side of knee-holes for the cook when she sits upon the specially provided stool—an unusual and thoughtful device. The housekeeper's room opens directly off the kitchen. One



Copyright.

14.—THE LINEN ROOM IN THE ATTICS.

"C.L."

of the attics has been delightfully fitted up as a room for the boys and younger guests (Fig. 13), while a neighbouring attic has been converted into a linen room that is most enviable. Envious, indeed, is the suite: the little village, the little park, the compact little house of so many ages, and the limitless sweep of the downs a twenty minutes' ride to the southward, all these attributes go to make Albourne the kind of home that everybody covets, all the more when they see how much its owner enjoys it.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## TACT

BY ISABEL BUTCHART.

WHEN Lady Winston met Enid Murray unexpectedly in Oxford Street she realised that it was their first meeting since she, a big girl, had tossed a careless good-bye to Enid, a little girl, on the last day of her own school life. But she had heard rumours that Enid's parents had died, leaving their daughter practically penniless.

"You dear thing!" said Lady Winston. "How have we managed to miss one another all these years? What are you doing? Oh, working in an office? You must come to me for your holiday. Or don't you ever have one?"

"I'm having it now," said Enid thoughtlessly, and was sorry.

Alys Winston looked rather blank, but her kindness only came second to her celebrated tact, and it was with real cordiality that she said: "Well, come to The Pleasance for next week-end."

"I dropped your kind of life long ago," began Enid, but in those four seconds Alys' mind had sprung forward to the week-end and returned wiser. It was to be a very special week-end. "No, come from next Tuesday to Friday. Sunday will be so full and noisy that I should hardly see you. During a week there'll be only about a dozen of us. The best train arrives at 5.10. I shall take no refusal. Good-bye."

The invitation, given and accepted on impulse, was regretted by both within five minutes.

Alys said to herself: "Oh, well, it will soon be over."

And Enid: "I haven't an evening frock in the world, and I can barely raise enough money for the railway fare and a skimpy tip for the housemaid. I'll write and refuse to go."

And so she would have done if she had not gone down Wardour Street on her way to the shabby hostel where she lived. For it was in Wardour Street that she saw the frock.

A droopy, appealing, insinuating little black frock, obviously a Paris model, and reduced to four and a half guineas, sale price. It was softer than satin and richer than silk. It had just a hint of silver lace about it, and the big black sash, tied at the side, was lined with grandmotherly magenta.

Enid hurried to the hostel, dived into her cubicle and got out her one impressive possession, a big Eiderscutum coat, the

colour of a moor at sunset. It had been given to her, practically new, by a cousin who had decided that she would rather have a fur coat herself. She was not a pleasant cousin. The giving of the coat had been the one comparatively pleasant action in her life. Enid knew that it had cost ten guineas.

The weather was extraordinarily hot for the beginning of September. Enid herself was hot with her rush from Wardour Street. Had the weather been more temperate the coat might have gone back to its moth-balls. As it was, it was carried to a small street which every girl in the hostel knew too well, and, by a most unexpected stroke of good or ill luck, its owner managed to sell it for four pounds ten.

The girls at the hostel were thrilled to the bone by the Paris frock when Enid had a dress rehearsal in the dormitory. One of them brought her suit-case to Enid. "You must use it. It's real 'ide. And you're always judged by your luggage." Another brought some black satin slippers. "You must take these. With a cork sole inside they'll be just right. But you won't kick the toes more than you can help, will you?" A third offered an exquisite nightgown.

"But you made that for an order!"

"It'll wash," said the embroidress briefly.

On Tuesday the weather broke. Enid travelled in her shabby mackintosh over her thin serge suit and tried to imagine warmth where there was none. She looked so pinched and blue when she arrived that Alys Winston, who met her, got quite a shock. "How ill and shabby she looks! Plain, too. Yet she looked charmingly pretty the other day."

In the motor she piled rugs on Enid and held her hand, meditating. "Probably she won't have a rag for evenings."

Her tact! "I'll manage to prevent everyone dressing for dinner. *Noblesse oblige.*"

She led Enid into a cheerful hall full of firelight, voices and tea-things.

"No, dear, not a thing shall you remove, except your gloves, until you've had tea—you're perished."

And after tea, which had been late, Enid understood, on her account:

"Now, who's for a sunset at the Craggs?"



They nearly all went, in two motors, and Enid went with them. Arrived at the Craggs, Alys kept begging her husband for five minutes more so often that they got back just a quarter of an hour before the gong sounded for dinner.

"Come to dinner just as you are, dear old things," said Alys in the hall. "I insist."

She took Enid up to her room. A maid attending to the fire rose from her knees and came forward expectantly.

"Don't stay, Morris," said Alys tactfully. "I'm sure Miss Murray would rather unpack for herself."

Enid agreed listlessly. The dark silk jumper she wore was quite two years old. She had nothing else with her but the frock for evenings and the embroidered dream for nights. She unlocked her suit-case. Now was the moment to toss her black-and-silver indiscretion carelessly on the bed to show what she was renouncing. But—

"I shall do *nothing* but wash my hands," said Alys. "I love roughing it!" (If that weren't tact!) And left the room.

Enid came downstairs to find all the men in tweeds as she had last seen them. The women were in severe little gowns of marocain; or of gabardine trimmed with splashes of vivid wool. And each one tried to look as if she had been wearing it all day and had not thrown off that horrid tickly jumper a few minutes ago.

The next day Alys found it harder to invent a reason for coming in too late to dress for dinner, but achieved her object by carrying off her reluctant guests to a distant agricultural show. When they were all safely wedged round tea-tables in a steamy marquee and the two chauffeurs were having their tea in pleasanter surroundings at the nearest inn, Alys might have been seen furtively approaching her two cars. She often drove them herself and really did understand more about them than most women drivers, and she tampered delicately with their insides to such good purpose that when the time came to start for home each car was discovered to be suffering from a different kind of pain.

After rather a long interval—but not *too* long, Alys was no fool—they were fit for the return drive and everybody arrived at The Pleasaunce ten minutes before the gong sounded for dinner. Again Alys incited her guests to rough it. She herself would just wash her hands.

This time each dame and damozel went to her room rather irritated—for what is the use of charming frocks if you mayn't wear them? "One feels such a tramp!" said each one to her maid. Or similar words.

And every maid rose to the occasion and answered that she could slip or pop that gold, or blue, or jade tea frock (as the case

might be) over Madam's head (or Miss Betty's), as quick as quick.

Enid's feminine instinct told her of all this slipping and popping going on behind those closed doors and she made up her mind to do a little slipping herself.

So when Alys accompanied her to her room again, she began:

"I think I'll just slip——"

"Indeed, you won't!" said Alys decisively.

"It wouldn't take a moment to pop——"

"There isn't half a moment!"

"But I've such a pretty——"

"I'm sure it is!" said Alys stopping her mouth with a kiss.

And before Enid could recover she left the room.

"Why should I knock under to Alys like this, and wear this shabby old thing all day and every day?" thought Enid crossly. She pulled one arm out of the jumper—and just then the gong sounded.

She put her arm back, washed her hands and went downstairs, where all the evening she felt like a damp cinder surrounded by gold and blue and green flames.

Thursday found Alys as tactful as ever, but with no resources left. So she threw herself on the good feeling of all her other guests and told them the whole affair. They were very nice friends that week—*really* nice. Not like the people one usually meets. They did not laugh at her for trying to be kind. Instead, they were all seized with such a passion for tact that they would have come to dinner in dirty boots if it would have helped to make Enid feel at home.

Of course they would stay out as late as possible! And come as they were. And just wash their hands.

Enid's feminine instincts, and the fact that everyone came in just as the gong sounded, told her that there would be no slipping and popping that evening. Tweeds and woollies were the correct wear. She wondered if the clean and leisurely habit of dressing for dinner had almost died out of the world since she dropped out of it four years ago.

The house felt hot and oppressive after the keen outdoor air, and everyone spent a very tickly evening.

On Friday Enid left The Pleasaunce. It was a bitter day. She almost cried for the cuddly softness of the big coat that had once been hers. She wore her old mackintosh over her thin serge suit and tried to imagine warmth where there was none.

Alys did her best for her. She sent her to the station in a closed motor and wondered if she dared beg her to accept a tweed coat of her own.

She decided that it would not be tactful to do so.

## A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD GUARD

The Passing Years. Reminiscences of the late Lord Willoughby de Broke. (Constable, 21s. net.)

THE frontispiece to this book is a good preparation for the story. It shows Richard Greville Verney, Lord Willoughby de Broke, 19th Baron, on Historian by Tacitus, 1910, in a charming country. A gallant picture it makes, a famous Master of Hounds on a magnificent hunter. That is typical of the book, and nothing more suitable could have been devised. The late Lord Willoughby de Broke was, above all else, a hunter of the fox and a country gentleman of the same old style as his father. In a brief introduction, Lady Willoughby de Broke tells us of the pressure brought upon her husband to write a book of reminiscences and of his reluctance to do so. However, the reluctance passed away, and in 1922 he was persuaded to begin, and when once the initial stage was over, he went on working at the book calmly until the autumn of 1923, when he began to drive at his task week by week "continually and almost feverishly." "I must get it finished before Christmas," was his reply when it was pointed out to him that literary composition was not exactly a rest after a long day in the hunting field, followed by a three-hour railway journey to London. Having begun, he was anxious to finish the work, but it was not to be. The illness of which he died prevented the fulfilment of his ambition. The thought had been very near to him that at this time, when old estates are changing hands freely, the new owners were missing much real happiness, and he wanted to appeal to them "to try the old traditional ways of friendly intercourse and interest in one and all living on their land." We mention this because it gives the keynote to the book. What was in his mind as an ending we can only guess, but that part of the book which he was able to write gives a singularly vivid and fascinating picture

of country life in older days, particularly in the days of his father, the eighteenth baron. In describing the time when his father went down from Christ Church to celebrate his coming of age at Compton Verney, he says, "As far as comfort and ease were concerned, the 'sixties and 'seventies were undoubtedly the Golden Age of the patricians of England." He goes on to quote from Froude's sympathetic appreciation of *Lothair* in his book on Lord Beaconsfield. Disraeli, an outsider, penetrated the true state of things when more commonplace minds were blind to it. Even Carlyle thought the country gentlemen were the best surviving specimens of the English race.

Lord Willoughby de Broke came of the best country stock. We picture him as a man gifted with the common-sense of one who has early incurred the responsibilities of owning an estate, but not a pedant or even a great reader. "Riding over a country was not the only art my father acquired at Oxford," says Lord Willoughby de Broke. "As his father before him, so was he a first-rate shot." He was second to none at rocketing pheasants or driven partridges. As one of his contemporaries remarked: "Willoughby can bring them down after everyone else has done." He was also a great tennis player, having learnt the art from the celebrated Lambert, whose son is now marker at Lord Leconfield's court at Petworth. He was also for some years captain of the Warwickshire County Cricket Eleven. Such was his equipment when he left Oxford, or, as he would have called it, Christ Church, in the year 1865:

For him and his set the University of Oxford simply did not exist. It was just Christ Church. To this day they never say "When I was at Oxford," they always say "When I was at Christ Church," or "When I was at 'The House!'" Their Oxford was the Christ Church of Dean Liddell, and to them Christ Church meant Bullingdon, "Loder's" or "The Rousers," fox-hunting, racing, a not too serious form of cricket, and no end of good dinners in the company of the

best fellows in the world as they knew it. What better could the world give?

It was characteristic that when he was married from Marbury Hall on October 17th, 1867, he did not go off to spend a honeymoon in Italy or Switzerland, for, as his son asks, "Was not the hunting season just about to begin?" He carried his bride off to his own Compton Verney on her wedding day, and she began her household duties by ordering dinner the very next morning as if she had been there all her life.

Lord Willoughby de Broke, far from undervaluing the Victorians and their era, cannot find words enough to praise the men of the generation before his own. He does not confine his eulogy to any one class. He holds up to the admiration he deserves, Bob Worrall, huntsman to the Warwickshire Hounds, who began his career when he became kennel boy at Kington under Ned Stevens at the age of eleven. Two years later old Stevens dispatched him on foot to lead two couple of bitches to Mr. Drake's kennel at Bucknall, twenty-five miles distant. He walked all the way there without any sustenance except a glass of porter and a piece of bread and cheese. He was too tired to eat any supper, and almost too stiff to get up the next morning. But he got up, and, after a light breakfast, walked back to Kington, arriving there drenched to the skin and dead beat. This is a good record, but that of the huntsman of the celebrated miser, John Elwes, is still better. He rose at four every morning, milked the cows, prepared breakfast for his master and friends, then he put on a green coat, saddled the horses, got out the hounds, and the whole party would then start for the chase. After the day's sport was over, he returned to the stables, rubbed down the horses as quickly as possible, and then hurried into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner. No sooner was that done than he returned to his outdoor duties, fed the horses and hounds, littered them down for the night, and even milked the cows. Yet the wretched Elwes used to call his huntsman "an idle dog" that wanted to be paid for doing nothing.

But our author is, perhaps, at his best when describing the great gentlemen of his day, or the great horses, such as Barleymow, his father's hunter in 1882, and his own in the early years of the twentieth century. Among his father's contemporaries were Tom Drake, the Squire of Shardeloes, and his two brothers, Edward the parson, and George, one of the finest sportsmen of his generation. The late Lord Chesham was one of his father's greatest friends. It was on a November day in 1907 that he rode at his last fence when hunting with the Pytchley Hounds, thus meeting his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. It was for Lord Chaplin, however, that the greatest praise was reserved. It must have been very fine even to have seen him in the prime of life when he came down to breakfast "in his red coat—as men did in those days—tall, fair, well-proportioned, the picture of health." At that time Chaplin was at the zenith of his power and popularity. He was the Squire of Blankney, Master of the Blankney Hounds, one of the County Members of Parliament, and, withal, one who kept up some very good usages of former generations. When he rang the bell in his dining-room, the butler brought in not one but six bottles of claret for himself and friends. "Combined with this magnificence," says our author, "his stature and good looks invested him with all the insignia that constitute a great personality, a personality that, in the language of the theatre, 'gets over the footlights.'"

Interspersed with this eulogy there are a great many other delightful anecdotes, such as the Spoonerism of Mr. Spooner who intended to say that he had two quiet reading men called Bell and Headlam above him, but his mind was so full of the doings of their predecessors that he transposed the B and the H in mentioning their names to the Warden. There are many clever sayings recorded, though we have room for only one, an example of Mr., now Lord, Balfour's polished wit. A versatile Member had been excusing himself for a more than usually quick change of mind by a reference to his conscience. Replying, Lord Balfour spoke of "a conscience yielding rapidly to treatment." It was a thrust worthy of the orator.

No one who did not possess a passion for things out of door could have written this passage about the fox:

And he was a beauty, and no mistake. There is nothing in the whole animal creation quite so lithe, so supple, so active and yet so strong for his size as the fox. A fox in good condition is the very epitome of fine quality. The colour and texture of his coat, the perfect symmetry of his limbs, his brush with its long white tag, his black velvet ears and grey throat all combine to place him quite at the top of the class.

From another point of view, which, however, it is not our purpose to discuss, this autobiography will have the authority of a book of reference. It contains the true story of the "Die Hard" campaign, not from the pen of Lord Willoughby de Broke, however (he died before writing it), but by "another hand," who is anonymous but highly capable.

#### THE DORSET YEAR BOOK.

FAMILY gatherings are either humorous or boring, weddings tearful and comic, and funerals the beginning of strife; but the gathering together in distant countries of men and women to praise and remember their native land and their own county dips into the well of romance. It is improbable that any society exists to unite Londoners to hold a festival of remembrance in the grainlands of Canada or by the hot springs of New Zealand. It may be that those born within the sound of Bow Bells never tarry long absent from their peal. At least they record not their meetings in year books as do the loyal men of Dorset. These remarks have been engendered by reading that fascinating annual, *The Dorset Year-Book*, published by the Society of Dorset Men in London. Overseas their ain folk remember with longing Blackmore Vale and Egson Heath and Chesil Beach, and the speech that still lingers in Dorset's lovely villages. As Mr. George Moordyk of Iowa, U.S.A., says in the "Greetens vrom a Dorset Exile."

"I aint a-yurd good Dorset spache vor twenty yurs well-nigh  
An' my wold heart wou'd bust hisself an' tears wou'd wet my eye  
If I cou'd jist sit down wi'ee an' lissen to yur chat  
Wi' a mug o' cider in my han' drawn vrom a Dorset vat."

This excellent number of the year-book is enriched by Mr. Thomas Hardy's poem in memory of Sir Frederick Treves. There is also an account with photographs of the Prince of Wales' visit to Dorchester and his triumphal drive through its cheering crowds with the literary creator of Wessex. As we have just been quoting Somerset epitaphs one from Thomas Hardy's town must be quoted:—

Frank from his Betty snatched by Fate,  
Shows how uncertain is our state,  
He smiled at morn, at noon lay dead,  
Flung from a horse that kicked his head.  
But tho' he's gone from tears refrain,  
At judgment he'll get up again."

*The Shame Dance and other Stories*, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.)

MR. STEELE writes very well—as American readers, so far, know better than English ones. He writes with a touch of Conrad, a touch of Kipling; but, at the best, his touch is the only one that counts: his own. All these stories have stuff in them—plot, craftsmanship, strange lands familiarly studied; but some of them also bear traces of submission to that modern economic law which says to a writer: "Thou shalt write short stories for the best American magazines, or thou shalt starve." Because of that law some of these stories have a slightly mechanical click to their beginnings or endings, a slight internal hum from the efficient but rather strictly limited machine through which they have been passed. Only rarely does the thrill of genuine passion come unscathed through any machine; it is to Mr. Steele's credit that he gets it through as often as he does. The best example of it is the story called "Always Summer," in which the man who, for creditable reasons, has had to flee into tropical exile, raises in the presence of his old schoolmate a last, poisoned glass to his lips. "'I give you,' he pledged, 'a rough life and a grey sky!' When he had set down the empty glass he repeated, 'A good grey sky!'" The Englishman or American who, in the context supplied by the author, could read that without a tremor of passionate response would be far to seek. Other fine stories are "Arab Stuff," "The Marriage In Kairwin" and "He That Hideth His Secret." In all of these Mr. Steele strikes home with that always significant fact that, let West play about never so blithely and uncomprehendingly on the surface, East remains at bottom rather appallingly East.

V. H. F.

*The Wonders of Salvage*, by David Masters. (John Lane, 8s. 6d.) WHAT makes salvage a matter of such great interest as this book proves it to possess is the fact that every sunken ship presents an entirely new and separate problem. "Every wreck is a riddle," says Mr. Masters. "Tides and currents make the riddle more complex. The position in which the wreck is lying profoundly affects the case. And above all, operates the unknown factor of the weather." The extraordinary feats which salvors have accomplished and the variety and ingenuity of their methods must be a revelation to the layman. From stories of the recovery of sunken treasure—in one remarkable case of Spanish doubloons, lost three hundred years before with the Armada—the book passes to accounts of still more exciting adventures, when the precious reward of the salvors was not gold but living men. Submarine K 13 was being tried in the Gareloch. In diving, some of the ventilating scuttles were accidentally left open, and as she submerged thirty-one men were drowned instantly and forty-two more were imprisoned on the sea-bed by the weight of water in the ship. Allowing himself to be hurled from the conning tower by an escape of compressed air, an officer succeeded in reaching the top, and then began a thrilling fight by divers for the lives of the other men, which, fortunately, was successful, the submarine being at length lifted by mighty steel cables. Among the many interesting stories in a fascinating book one of the best concerns the Italian battleship *Leonardo da Vinci*, which was raised from the bottom by the use of compressed air.

#### SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

*EUROPEAN LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY*, by Benedetto Croce. (Chapman and Hall, 16s.) A translation by Mr. Douglas Ainslie of the volume which in Italian bears the title "Poetry and Non-Poetry."

*WHERE THE BRIGHT WATERS MEET*, by Henry Plunket-Greene. (Allan, 12s. 6d.) Reminiscences which deal chiefly and charmingly with fishing.

*PRACTICAL FORESTRY*, by A. C. Drummie. (Routledge, 7s. 6d.)

*APRIL TWILIGHTS*, by Willa Cather. (Heinemann, 5s.) Poems by this well known American novelist.

#### FICTION.

*BLV MARKET*, by Bernard Gilbert. (Cecil Palmer, limited editions, £3 3s. and £2 2s.) A prose volume of over two hundred thousand words, with the sub-title "Moving Pictures of a Market Day," with imaginary map of "Bly" mounted for reference.

*THE MAJESTIC MYSTERY*, by Dennis Mackail. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

*TENTS OF ISRAEL*, by G. B. Stern. (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.)



# CHARACTERS OF THE FAIR

**B**ARNET FAIR may change in details, but it always remains in essentials what it used to be—that is, a gathering place for the odds and ends of humanity that dwell within a long range, extending to the country, on every side of the little town. This year they arrived in the usual numbers, fresh and happy, although many a one had slept the night before at his cartwheel, or by the roadside, or, perchance, in the cart itself. Except that washing seemed to be a forgotten art among them, they were as merry as they should be on the first day of a carnival. The very ponies seemed little the worse for their travelling, but, on the contrary, much better. There is plenty of eating along the highways and by-ways this year, and the owner, you may be sure, did not make drudges of them before they came to market. One would have liked to have been able to select the real “characters” who have attended Barnet Fair, some of them for half



YOUNG METHUSELAH.

a century or more. They would be called “caraters” in the North, but words of three syllables are bad form at Barnet Fair or, indeed, on the outskirts of London anywhere, and “queer cards” would be a homelier description of them. The first to attract one’s eye would have been a dignified individual except for his clay pipe and a leery sort of expression about his eyes. Evidently he was well known, because at the very beginning of the horse fair, when the animals were run and trotted and walked and made to show their paces generally in the vain hope of finding a purchaser, Young Methuselah was called upon again and again to set the ball rolling—in other words, to give a bid, if it was only a “ten bob” one. But the oracle remained silent, though his expression said “Nothing doing” as plainly as if the actual words had been spoken.

In the midst of this activity a characteristic hubbub arose, one dealer loudly holding forth that another had pinched one of his nags. The accusation was as energetically repudiated with much lurid speech and an explanation that “My lot’s branded, every one of them, as any bloke of you may find out by looking.” The owner of the lost one, heedless of all this, went confidently up to an old horse and declared that it was his. “No, it ain’t,” said the accused, “there’s the brandin’, you can see it for yourself, old cock.” And the accuser went away, baffled and down-hearted, though a quiet-looking onlooker remarked sarcastically, “‘Andy with the brandin’-iron, ain’t yer, mate?” And the other seemed to think that the least said was soonest mended. He had branded the horse at the first signal of warfare.



TUPPENY GRUB.

A scene of riot and confusion had arisen, and Old Methuselah waded through the pushing men and travelling horses as if he wore a magic girdle. “Take care, Bill, ye’ll be bowled over,” he was warned; but the retort came slick, “A’ve knowed this ‘ere Fair since A was a babby; think I’d be bowled over at eighty-five years old?” The man who was vending food changed his patter for the occasion. Instead of going on with his “‘Ere’s the place for tuppeny grub. ‘Ere’s yer lovely ‘ips,” he called, “‘Ere’s the stuff to carry you past the night. You take it, babby.” The latter sentence was addressed to a very fresh-coloured boy, seeing that the venerable one heeded not the scoffer. But the best of repartee came from one who cannot be described as venerable and yet looked as if all the wisdom of the East was hidden in his fleshy garment. He wore a peaked cap, and his beard was one very seldom seen now except in old prints. The rough beard



MR. SNEER.

streamed in a curly sort of cascade down past his ear, over his cheek to the throat, whence it emerged in a jutting-out position under his chin, the said chin being shaved right to its base. He was the owner of a troop of donkeys, and as most of them looked as if they had been through the wars and had not been where there was much either to eat or to drink, the crowd started a rag on him that was rough though not particularly ill-natured. He, in reply to their gibing, thrust it down their throats that “This old moke,” meaning the one at the side of him, “beats yer b—— Tinnie Lizzie,” a brag that drew loud cheers from the merry-makers. A young-old man with spectacles and a shrill voice came in at this point with a loud “Pea-nuts—a penny a bag! All roasted.” He was not doing much, because this was the early part of the fair. The crowd, however, soon regained their healthy appetites and their thirst. There was not much that satisfied them in the way of drink in the early



OLD METHUSELAH.

hours. One missed the pints of beer that used to run down many a throat as if it were a drain, but the clock had to strike before Pussyism ceased to be obligatory. The person sauced most of all was one whom members of the crowd designated as a “nob,” and assuredly there was a touch of the aristocrat both in his appearance and in that of the lady who accompanied him. But it was a very good-natured crowd and no insult was either given or taken. Perhaps he was a well-to-do farmer who more than once had picked up a good piece of horse-flesh at the Fair.

At a fair it is usually seen that the curious old “geysers” are always to be found in the neighbourhood of horses. Most of them have had something to do with buying and selling the noble animal. At no very distant time village horse-coper was a much commoner profession than it is to-day. The fair was at once their paradise and their gold-mine. The animals they took to it did not win prizes at the local agricultural show, nor were they either young or over-conditioned, but they usually managed to get rid of their bargains, owing to the observance of a rule of their order that “if a man will not buy when he is sober, try him when drunk,” and drinking was, of course, much more prevalent than it is to-day. The amusements seemed to one less amusing, but that may be because they are less vulgar than those which they have supplanted; so it is with the chaff that takes place between men and women. Some was very broad in the old time, but now the cheekiest youth is fain to clothe his gibing in a modest covering. One refers to what is meant for the public. It would indeed be daring to venture to suggest that the ordinary talk is not as foul to-day as it ever could have been. In one way it is harmless, as the words have lost meaning.



THE DONKEY MAN.

When the writer went to Barnet Fair many years ago—in fact, when he was visiting London almost for the first time—the games played were just as old-fashioned as could be found in the remotest part of the country. The skittle alley was the prime favourite, and everyone seemed anxious to take a part. To-day, the skittle alley has gone out of favour, or, at any rate, it has yielded to new games that demand far more cleverness than did the old. One remembers the nigger man and what a great part he played. The principal one was that of acting as a



ARISTOCRACY.



THE PEA-NUT MAN.

target for as many blows as might be aimed at him, blows with good hard balls, heavy enough to have killed an ordinary man, but the nigger only grinned with white teeth under his black skin and occasionally gave a yell which might have been com-

pounded of joy and fury. There was only one nigger at this show and very menial work had been found for him. He was not called upon to show any of the tricks and dodges that were once expected.

## THE NEXT AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN

WHEN the names of the M.C.C. team for Australia were announced, several thousand argumentative old gentlemen scattered through the pavilions of all the counties were thrown out of work. But they may take fresh heart, and instead of railing at the mistakes in the selection of the English team, turn instead to the composition of the Australian eleven that is to meet it.

If it is a harmless occupation it is also a difficult one, for the choosing of eleven men eleven thousand miles away presents obvious difficulties. But if you take Mr. Armstrong's last team as one foundation, and the results of the Sheffield Shield matches in Australia last season as another, you may build up a team that will at least admit of honest argument.

First of all, let us look at Mr. Armstrong's team, and discard the players who have retired either temporarily or permanently from first-class cricket. Unless Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Carter have usurped the prerogative assigned by tradition to *prime donne* and prize-fighters, both have made "positively their last appearances" for the country to which they have given such splendid service. McDonald has, apparently, definitely decided to remain in Lancashire, which rules him out of the game. Mr. Pellew went back to the land when he returned to Australia, but I hear that he is going into business in Adelaide in the near future. For the moment, however, he is out of action, and—with affectionate memories of his beautiful work in the field to inspire the hope that his retirement is only temporary—we may count his name among our discards.

This leaves eleven of Mr. Armstrong's team available for selection. Here they are, in order of their first-class averages for the season 1923-24:

	Innings	Not	Highest	Runs	Average
	out	score			
E. R. Mayne .. ..	7	1	154*	367	61.1
H. L. Collins .. ..	7	—	108	256	36.5
T. J. Andrews .. ..	7	—	96	249	35.5
W. W. Bardsley .. ..	7	—	144	241	34.4
A. A. Mailey .. ..	7	4	55*	94	31.3
H. L. Hendry .. ..	7	—	73	200	28.5
W. A. Oldfield .. ..	7	—	84	195	27.8
J. S. Ryder .. ..	5	—	54	123	24.6
J. M. Taylor .. ..	5	—	33	97	19.8
C. G. Macartney .. ..	6	—	35	109	18.1
J. M. Gregory .. ..	..	..	Did not play.		

\* Not out.

Truly a curious contrast! Mr. Mayne—who was left out of every Test on the last tour in this country—at the top of the averages; Mr. Macartney at the bottom. But it does not follow for a moment either that Mr. Mayne will be in the next team or that Mr. Macartney will be out of it. More than the short story of one Australian season—two matches at home and two away—would be necessary to make the selectors drop the inspired genius who takes a place with poor Victor Trumper in the minds of the present generation of Australian cricketers and cricket lovers. As for Mr. Mayne, he might be called the Mead of Australian cricket. Ever a solid bat—perhaps a little inclined to put a "t" into solid and make it stolid—he has rather lacked the inspiration to rise to big occasions, and to-day, when he is at much the same stage of his career as the Hampshire professional, he leaves us wondering why such run-making powers have not left a bigger record in the annals of International cricket. If, however, he get runs in the match between the M.C.C. team and Victoria, he must have a chance of selection, especially as, for "political" reasons, he stands well with the Board of Control.

Let us get on with the building of our team. Failing a brilliant beginning to the season on his part, I am afraid we must drop that cheerful player, Mr. Taylor. The same thing applies to Mr. Ryder. Mr. Hendry has a better chance, firstly, because the Australian bowling looks as if it were going to be mediocre—to say the least of it; secondly, because his slip fielding is always a possible match-winning force to his side. Mr. Mailey was terribly expensive last season—his eighteen wickets cost thirty-four runs apiece—and he may be dropped for a slow bowler who is a better bat.

So we come to the "untouchables." Dare we even attempt the heresy of suggesting that a man like Mr. Bardsley might be left out of the side? Yet in cricket, as in everything else, the Australian is no respecter of persons, and Mr. Bardsley, who had a very scratchy season apart from his one big score, may yet have to battle for his place. He is not growing any younger, he is certainly getting slower, and writers on the game in Australia are already beginning to talk of him as a doubtful

starter. My friend Mr. Jack Worrall, writing in the *Australasian* recently, said of Mr. Macartney and Mr. Bardsley:

They are still great batsmen, but when a man is in the neighbourhood of the forties he is apt to be dismissed early especially on a fast wicket. Eye, brain and hand do not work quite so well in unison as they used to. Anyway, Bardsley in particular gives that impression.

Of both great batsmen it may be said that it needs a Test match to bring out the best in them, and taking my pencil firmly in my right hand, I put them down in our team. Mr. Collins comes in as captain, and one of the opening batsmen; Mr. Andrews should keep his place; and Mr. Oldfield is, I think, certain to be wicket-keeper. His most dangerous rival is Mr. Ellis of Victoria, who is inclined to be a little untidy when taking fast bowling.

Now for the big problem of the team. What about Mr. Gregory? Naturally, the answer depends entirely upon Mr. Gregory himself; fit and well, he will be the first man to be chosen, but a strained knee kept him out of cricket all last season. The problem, however, goes farther than mere selection. Remember that McDonald is practically certain not to be playing, and then try to picture Mr. Armstrong's last team without his two *Sturm-truppen*. The bowling becomes worse than mediocre; it is positively weak. Nor is there anyone in Australian cricket at the moment who looks likely to take up the mantle. Mr. Wallace of Victoria is a promising young bowler who has scarcely reached the top of his pace; Mr. Scott of New South Wales is a workmanlike player who has begun to lose such pace as he ever had. Cricketers in Australia who want to see their own country win, and cricketers all over the world who admire a great-hearted sportsman, will hope most devoutly that Mr. Gregory's knee—and a knee is a wretched business at all times—will stand the strain.

We have now filled six places from among the old team—Mr. Collins (capt.), Mr. Bardsley, Mr. Macartney, Mr. Andrews, Mr. Oldfield and a sound Mr. Gregory. For the time being we will add Mr. Hendry, and then turn to our new reinforcements. First of all, Mr. Kelleway, who could not make the last tour, comes back. He had a splendid season last year, topping the New South Wales bowling averages and coming second in the batting. Even at this stage, two new players "pick themselves." They are Mr. Ponsford of Victoria and Mr. Kippax of New South Wales. Mr. Ponsford is the post-war phenomenon of Australian cricket. He played his first match in big cricket in 1919 against the M.C.C. team, when he scored a modest 6 and 19. Since then he has played fourteen innings for 1,580 runs and an average of 121.5! This, it must be admitted, includes his indecent total of 458 against Tasmania, which corresponds to a second-class county and does not take part in the Inter-State Championships. Mr. Kippax is a fine forcing batsman, who led the New South Wales averages last year with 64. He is a more attractive player to watch than Mr. Ponsford; the difference between them is that Mr. Ponsford is a kind of super-Sandham, while Mr. Kippax is a lesser Hobbs. Now we need a slow bowler, and I propose to leave out Mr. Mailey and substitute Mr. Hartkopf of Victoria—a brainy bowler, a big hitter and a magnificent field.

Greatly daring, then, I suggest the following Australian team to take the field for the first Test match on the Sydney Cricket Ground. I place them in something like their batting order:

H. L. Collins (capt.).  
W. W. Bardsley  
W. H. Ponsford  
A. Kippax  
C. G. Macartney  
T. J. Andrews  
C. C. Kelleway  
J. M. Gregory  
A. E. V. Hartkopf  
H. L. Hendry  
W. A. Oldfield.

Naturally, this selection is subject to whatever may happen between the beginning of the Australian season and the date of the match. In Mr. Gregory's absence—as my friend the Racing Correspondent would say—I take Mr. Wallace; we may find Mr. Mayne replacing Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Hendry giving way either to Mr. Liddicutt of Victoria or Mr. A. J. Richardson, a fine all-round man from South Australia. My team, however, is a very strong batting side; every man down to No. 10 has made a century in first-class cricket, and I am not sure that Mr. Oldfield did not once make a hundred against weak South Australian bowling. The fielding will be Australian, and no more need be said. But the bowling—the bowling . . . ?

To get thoroughly tangled, anatomically speaking, the Achilles' heel of Australian cricket is Mr. Gregory's knee. F. P.



# EVERGREEN OAKS

IN many public parks and large private gardens the evergreen oaks are only represented by the one species, *Quercus Ilex*, the Holm oak, and its varieties. There are others of almost, if not quite, equal value for ornamental planting. Several wealthy men, keen on their gardens, are growing numbers of young plants raised from acorns of evergreen oaks imported from California, Japan, Cyprus and elsewhere. This is promising for the future, as to-day, however much the keen amateur may desire to plant the rare evergreen oaks—and the deciduous species, for that matter—there is very little nursery stock available.

While the best conditions for the evergreen species may be found in the south and west, the fact that they are not grown over a wider area suggests timidity to experiment rather than the inability of the trees or shrubs to thrive. In the Eastern Counties, especially near the coast, the Holm oak thrives, some of the trees growing to a large size, notably at Holkham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of the Earl of Leicester. Here and at Ken Hill, in the same county, there are trees up to 75ft. in height. At Kew, not excepting the conifers, many of which thrive better in a less smoky atmosphere, the Holm oak is the most beautiful of all evergreen trees. Most of the other dozen or so evergreen species are represented by good specimen trees and bushes in the oak collection.

The evergreen oaks may very well play a more important part in landscape planting, more particularly in the south and west of England, Wales, the west of Scotland and Ireland. In habit they are very diverse, from small, compact bushes to wide-spreading or tall trees up to 100ft.—the height of a Holm oak recorded by Elwes and Henry at Castlemartyr, Ireland, with a girth of 12ft. and a clean bole up to 30ft.

## PROPAGATION.

The ideal method of propagating oaks is from acorns. If allowed to become dry, they quickly lose their germinating power. Herein lies the difficulty of raising young oaks from imported seeds. They should be despatched by post as soon as collected, packed with charcoal in tin boxes. If all the acorns sent by post to this country were properly packed, instead of being sent in canvas bags wrapped up in brown paper, we should not now be lamenting the scarcity of *Q. alnifolia*, *Q. densiflora* and other beautiful evergreen oaks in our gardens.

Failing acorns, cuttings made of the half-ripe shoots, with a thin heel of old wood taken off about the end of July and during August, can be rooted in a sand frame with slight bottom heat. Layering may be practised when the position of the branches permits. I, for one, look upon grafting as somewhat of a necessary evil, but with evergreen oaks, using *Q. Ilex* as a stock, we have found it useful to propagate several of Mr. E. H. Wilson's introductions from China. Small plants of the Japanese species, *Q. acuta*, *Q. glabra*, *Q. glauca*, *Q. Vibrayana*, are sometimes imported from Japan.

## SOIL AND SEASONS FOR PLANTING.

In common with most evergreens, the best months to plant evergreen oaks are September and May. In soils of a light nature September is preferable, for the reason that if a hot, dry spell of weather follows late spring planting, very considerable work in spraying and watering is necessary to keep the young trees alive. Planted in September, when the ground is still warm, new rooting commences at once, and by the spring the plants should be settling down satisfactorily in their new positions.

While we may consider a good loamy soil as the best for evergreen oaks, it is surprising how well they grow in poor, gravelly or sandy ground. In the poor sandy soil predominating over a large area at Kew, the Holm oak, *Q. Ilex*, is the most beautiful evergreen tree cultivated in the gardens. Given a good start by preparing a station of soil 6ft. or so in diameter and 1ft. deep, the young plants grow into attractive specimens of large size.

Oaks in general and those of the evergreen type in particular are not among the easiest subjects to transplant successfully when they attain any size. Even when carefully transplanted every second year in nursery beds the young trees frequently suffer in the final move to the permanent positions. For this reason nurserymen usually grow at least the choicer species in pots. This method has its disadvantage, for if the plants remain long in the pots the roots circle round the inside, which must be checked; it may even remain a permanent detriment to the welfare of the trees. I have had several cases in point of trees grown in pots which, though they had been planted out some years, and given attention in watering and mulching when the weather was very dry, made very little progress. Growth was poor and the leaves pale in colour. Digging up several of the worst trees we found the roots "tied up in knots" so to speak; it practically amounted to strangulation, as the roots were unable to spread out into the surrounding soil.

An ideal beginning would be to plant the acorns where the trees are to grow permanently so that the tap root is never disturbed. The next best procedure is to raise the acorns in 5in. pots and plant out when 6ins. high. Rather than risk future trouble with plants which have been in pots for several years, I advise disentangling the roots before planting, even though they may be 2ft. or 3ft. high and most of the soil fall away. I



ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE OF EVERGREEN TREES, *QUERCUS DENSIFLORA*.

remember in particular doing this with two plants of *Q. Wislizeni* which came in from a nursery with very satisfactory results. When planters are in a position to move the bushes or trees, as we are at Kew, with transplanting machines, lifting large balls of soil, it is only a question of exercising a little care and watering well to thoroughly settle the large mass of new soil in the new station.

## FOR GENERAL PLANTING.

*Q. Ilex*, the Holm oak, is by far the most valuable of the evergreen section. It may even be described as the general utility member of the group, as it is equally suitable for planting



A JAPANESE SPECIES, *QUERCUS ACUTA*, WITH LUXURIANT FOLIAGE.

as specimen trees in the pleasure grounds and park, as an avenue tree, for shelter belts and tall hedges. Grown as large specimen bushes, the Holm oak may be pruned annually, rivaling the holly, or at least supplying a useful alternative pyramidal bush for large formal gardens. When not too closely clipped, but just kept more or less shapely with a knife or sécateurs, large specimen bushes provide an attractive feature to plant on lawns and terraces in the vicinity of the mansion.

Thriving in maritime districts, *Q. Ilex* has been planted in considerable quantities at some of the seaside resorts. My impression of the great success in cultivating the wonderful collection of plants at Abbotsbury, Dorset, considered too tender to cultivate in many gardens, is that it is due primarily to the shelter belts planted by a former owner. In these the Holm oak predominates.

As a wild tree spread over a wide area in the Mediterranean region from Spain and Portugal, through France and Italy to Greece, in Syria, Morocco and Algeria, it would be surprising not to find a wide variation of growth and leaf. As a matter of fact, a considerable number of the most distinct have been given varietal names, most of which indicate the variation. As, however, a number of these can be found among any considerable batch of seedlings, only those very distinct in character are worth perpetuating by vegetative means.

Var. *Fordii*, a distinct narrow-leaved form which originated many years ago in the nursery of Lucombe and Pince at Exeter. It is sometimes described as *Q. Fordii* with var. *diversifolia* as a distinct form, which emanated, I believe, from the same nursery.

Var. *Genabii*, a form with large dark green leathery leaves, a very distinct and handsome tree.

Var. *Gramuntia*, an oval or roundish leaved form described by Linnæus. The name records that the original tree was found in a wood at Gramont near Montpellier.

Var. *latifolia*, a broad, large leaved variety, giving the tree a distinctive appearance.

Names such as *crispa*, *laurifolia*, *longifolia*, *macrophylla* and *rotundifolia* indicate, if need be, how variable a tree the Holm oak is as regards the foliage.

Large specimen trees, either remarkable for their height or the wide spread of the branches, occur fairly frequently in all four countries. Recorded dimensions give the tallest tree to be at Castlemartyr, Ireland, height 100ft., girth 12ft., and a clean bole of 30ft. Ireland also claims the largest tree in girth, 21ft., at Limerick. A tree at Godinton, near Ashford, is recorded by Elwes and Henry, 75ft. high, with a spread of branches exceeding in circumference one hundred paces.

*Q. ACUTA*.—This is a Japanese species first introduced to Britain by Maries about 1878, when collecting on behalf of Messrs. James Veitch. Native trees grow up to 35ft. to 40ft., but in this country it is better known as a large evergreen bush. The rich green oblong leaves average between 5ins. and 6ins. long, tapering to a long slender apex. With a luxuriant look about the abundant leafage, this oak makes a handsome lawn specimen.

*Q. AGRIFOLIA*.—The Encina or Live oak is a native of California, growing there as an evergreen tree 60ft. to 80ft., occasionally more, in height. The largest tree at Kew is about 40ft. high. It has distinct spiny-toothed oval leaves 1in. to 2ins. long and almost as broad. The first acorns to reach this country were sent by Hartweg to the Horticultural Society in 1849. Though comparatively slow in growth, there is something very pleasing and distinct looking about this Californian oak. The conical shaped acorns are novel in outline.

*Q. ALNIFOLIA*.—The Golden or Cyprus oak is, to my mind, the most interesting and striking of all the evergreen oaks. A native of the mountains of Cyprus, it was first introduced to Kew in 1885. Usually of bushy habit, it has dark shiny green leaves with a dense golden coloured felt on the underside, hence the name of Golden oak. It is at present a rare oak in gardens. Recently Mr. Lionel de Rothschild imported a large number of acorns from Cyprus.

*Q. BALLOTA*.—This species closely resembles the Holm oak, in fact De Candolle described it as *Q. Ilex* var. *Ballota*, largely from the fact that the tree has bigger edible acorns and that, as a wild tree, it is limited to Spain, Portugal and North Africa; the "Sweet Acorn Oak" is regarded as a distinct species. It is a tall-growing tree with the largest leaves exceeding 2ins. long, half as wide, glossy dark green above, grey-white beneath.

*Q. CHRYSOLEPIS*.—This is the Californian Maul oak, a tree up to 50ft. high in the native forests. We have several trees from 7ft. to 10ft. high. With one exception they are somewhat lax or straggling in habit, distinct certainly, but not ideal in appearance for a lawn specimen. The oval leaves have long spiny teeth, dark green above, greyish green beneath, up to 2½ins. long and half as wide. Professor Sargent, who first introduced the tree in 1877, describes the Maul oak as a tree of "majestic dignity and massive strength with heads of branches sometimes 50yds. across." With such a glowing description this is certainly an oak to persevere with.

*Q. COCCIFERA*.—The Kermes oak is a slow-growing species, native of the Mediterranean region. It forms a closely branched, dense bush or, rarely, a small tree up to 20ft. in height. The small ovate leaves are very spiny. There are records of this interesting dwarf shrub being cultivated here since the seventeenth century. The name "Kermes oak" is due to this being the bush on which the insect (*Chermes*) breeds, yielding the scarlet dye of Shakespeare fame.

*Q. CUSPIDATA*.—A native of China and Japan, we only know this oak as an attractive evergreen bush with shiny green ovate-acuminate leaves 2ins. to 4ins. long, 1in. to 1½ins. wide, the underside a distinct metallic hue. Native trees were described as large specimens of elegant habit when introduced by Maries for Messrs. James Veitch in 1879.

*Q. DENSIFLORA*.—The Tanbark oak of California and Oregon, where it grows to a height of 70ft. or more. Asked to name desirable evergreen trees to plant in the average British garden, I should be inclined to start the list with this oak. A tree at Kew, introduced there in 1874, is 25ft. high, with a girth, 1ft. from the base, of 2ft. The leafage is abundant, individual leaves 4ins. to 5ins. long, 2ins. wide, shining green above, greyish-white beneath, giving a silvery sheen when rustling in the wind. This is another rare species of which acorns have been recently imported. The spray of this species, illustrating the slender spikes of flowers, indicates that the name of *Q. densiflora* is merited, for though the Kew trees have not yet produced good acorns, the trees produce an abundance of male flowers in summer.

*Q. GLABRA*.—A native of Japan, first introduced in 1842, this pleasing evergreen oak is only seen in our gardens as a large bush, though in Japan it is said to be a small evergreen tree up to 30ft. The shining green leaves average 4ins. to 6ins. long and 1½ins. to 2ins. wide.

*Q. PHILLYRÆOIDES*.—This interesting species from Japan and China is a small tree 20ft. to 30ft. high or a large bush quite distinct in habit. It was first introduced by Richard Oldham in 1861 when collecting for Kew, a large bush or small tree in the old Botanic Garden near the fern houses, clothed with branches to the ground, being about 18ft. high and nearly as much in diameter. It has dense bright green foliage and is obviously perfectly hardy at Kew.

*Q. SUBER*.—The Cork oak is of particular interest because it produces the cork of commerce. The tree is of slow growth, but there are numerous tall trees scattered over the country suggesting that *Q. Suber* was more freely planted a hundred or more years ago than it is to-day. There are several trees in Devonshire 60ft. high; good specimens are also recorded in Kent and Suffolk. The leaves are dark green above and clothed beneath with a grey tomentum. The deeply fissured bark of a thick corky nature readily distinguishes the tree from other evergreen oaks.

*Q. VIBRAYANA*.—A distinct bush with us, but said in Japan to attain a height of about 50ft. It occurs also in China, from where it is said to have been first introduced by Robert Fortune in 1854. The lanceolate leaves up to about 4ins. long are shining green above and glaucous beneath.

*Q. WISLIZENI*.—A Californian evergreen oak introduced to Kew by Mr. H. N. Bolander in 1874. A tree, presumably one of the original sending in the Kew collection, is now about 20ft. high and has borne acorns from which young trees have been raised. The largest spiny-toothed leaves exceed 2ins. long and are only slightly less in width. In a wild state the tree is said to vary from a bush to tall trees 50ft. to 70ft. in height.

During his journeys in China Mr. E. H. Wilson introduced several new evergreen species, including *Engleriana*, *oxyodon* and *Henryi*, but at present stock is not available for general planting.

*Q. incana*, a Himalayan evergreen oak, has been tried outside, but only succeeds in very sheltered positions. The best tree I know is in the Himalayan House at Kew. A. O.

## SHRUBS FOR PEATY SOILS

A PART from the genus *rhododendron*, which, as everyone knows, is a lover of peat, there are many other shrubs peculiarly adapted, through a mycorrhizic habit of growing and thriving extremely well in a peaty or acid soil. The majority of these belong to the heath or heather family—the *Ericaceae*. One cannot but notice that a large proportion of them are evergreen and admire their beautiful bell shaped flowers, with the stamens characterised by the small hooked appendages. Generally speaking, a constant supply of moisture is necessary, but many heaths, as, for example, the common *Calluna vulgaris* which clothes the Scottish Highlands, flourish in the sandy peat of open moors and hillsides exposed to wind. Stagnant water is to be avoided in all cases, and thus good drainage and deep cultivation an essential. Although the *ericas* are almost all surface rooters, it is well to trench deeply, as this ensures a sweetening of the soil which is beneficial to the roots. Leaf-mould may be added with good results especially if the plants are grown in the shade.

Another genus of the heath family which is invaluable when planting an area of peat, is *peris*, formerly known as *andromeda*. A few of the most notable species are *P. japonica*, *floribunda* and *Forrestii*, all decidedly handsome, with their compact habit of growth, evergreen foliage and numerous pure white flowers borne on pendulous racemes. *Empetrum nigrum*, found wild on the Scottish moors, is also another interesting little plant to be associated with peat planting. A close cousin is *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*—found wild on the hills—which trails over the rocky scree and is only about 2ins. in height, bearing small dark evergreen leaves and numerous pink flowers. This is by no means an exhaustive list, but it may serve a useful purpose. G. C. T.





Harold G. Grainger.

AFTERNOON IN ARCADY.

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## TWO XIII CENTURY FRESCOES

BY RAYMOND HENNIKER-HEATON.

**B**YOND giving misleading information as to its distance from Rome and its population, all that a certain popular encyclopædia has to tell us of Spoleto, one of the most beautifully situated and interesting towns in central Italy, is that "it is the seat of an archbishop, and produces truffles," with the added note that for some six centuries it was the headquarters of a duchy. A popular gazetteer is somewhat better, for from it we learn that the city stands on a rocky hill, that water is brought to it by a seventh century aqueduct of specified height and length, that it has a citadel dating of the days of the Goths, and a fine cathedral with frescoes by Filippo Lippi. This, indeed, is better, but it hardly suggests that this Umbrian town teems with objects of great interest to the lover of the plastic arts and to the archaeologist. But so it is.

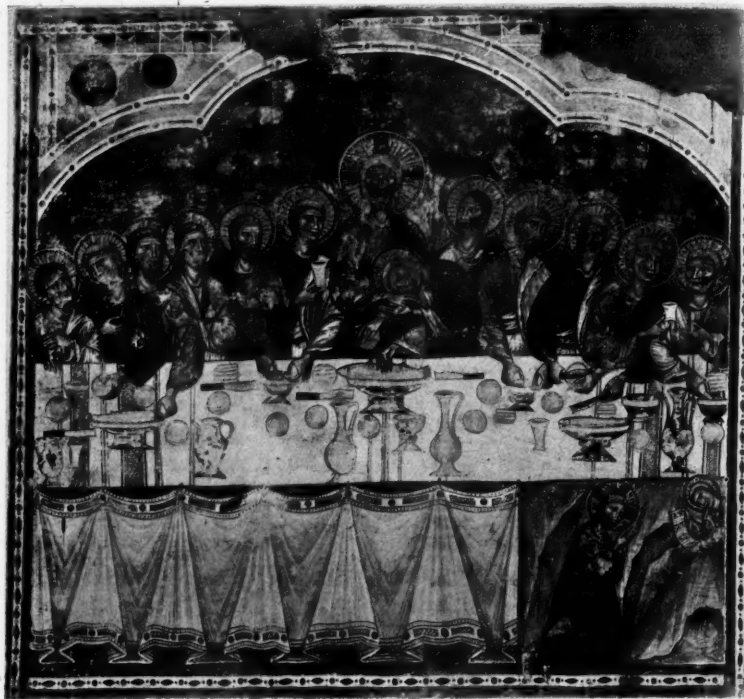
Space—or, rather, the lack of it—precludes one from dwelling on or even referring to the numerous objects which demand the attention of every intelligent visitor to Spoleto: the guide book of the Italian Touring Club asks for three days, an estimate which would seem wild, for example, to the American who had exhausted all there was in Rome worth seeing except the Pope before noon one morning, or to three young English ladies who managed to see St. Peter's and the Vatican art collections in a couple of hours.

The most striking feature of Spoleto, from the point of view of the lover of art, is the number of frescoes found in its churches and those of its suburbs and immediate neighbourhood, not forgetting those which have been removed from disused churches to its picture gallery. These frescoes range over centuries; the earliest are said to belong to the ninth, but we are on more certain ground, perhaps, with others which are attributed to the twelfth. And the centuries from the twelfth to the sixteenth are well represented; though, unfortunately, some of the earlier ones have suffered at the hands of time.

The churches in the city itself are, naturally, better known than those in its environs; but the latter are not to be neglected. One of them, that of S. Saviour, otherwise known as Il Crocifisso, boasts of a Byzantine fresco and other frescoes of the thirteenth century. Another, S. Giacomo, about four miles from the town, has important frescoes of a much later date by the painter Giovanni Spagna.

Till comparatively recently there was another church in the environs containing truly remarkable and most interesting frescoes. This interesting church, which bore the unusual title of S. Maria inter Angelos, has been secularised; but its frescoes have been preserved, and two of them, painted in the second half of the thirteenth century, the "Last Supper" and the "Crucifixion," which are reproduced in this number of COUNTRY LIFE, have found their way across the Atlantic and are now in the safe keeping of the Art Museum of the town of Worcester, Massachusetts.

The early date of the "Last Supper" fresco is indicated by the placing of Judas with the other Apostles and his having, like them, a nimbus: at a later date western artists usually represented him as sitting in some way apart from the rest and without a nimbus, as in Giotto's "Cenacolo" in the refectory of S. Croce in Florence, though Giotto's practice varied, as may be seen by comparing the S. Croce



THE "LAST SUPPER." FROM THE CHURCH OF S. MARIA INTER ANGELOS, SPOLETO.



THE "CRUCIFIXION." BOTH FRESCOES OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.



"Cenacolo" with that in the Arena chapel in Padua. The Spoleto fresco is remarkable in more than one way. It is more decorative than one would expect: the hanging curtain in front of the table strikes the eye at once, as does the little picture of the Agony in the Garden which the artist has painted in the corner. The moment chosen is quite obviously that when Judas was indicated as the coming traitor; he is the ill-looking person sitting at the extreme end of the table to the left of Christ, just dipping bread in a dish. Artists vary in their choice of the moment to be depicted. Many, as here, take the dramatic pointing out of Judas, others take the institution of the Holy Eucharist as their object.

The early artists were very fond of symbolism in this connection, and later the fish played a great part in that symbolism, probably because the letters which made up the Greek word for fish were the initials of words meaning Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. So in the Roman catacombs fish and bread together constantly indicate the Holy Eucharist; it may be in the form of two fish and five loaves, recalling the miracle of the feeding of the multitude, as in the catacomb known as the Capella Greca; or it may be represented by a fish and, in front of it, a basket containing bread and a glass vessel containing wine, as in the crypt of Lucina, dating from the first half of the second century.

There is no instance of the representation of the Last Supper itself in the Catacombs; the earliest undoubted representation still in existence is that to be seen in a sixth century mosaic in the church of S. Apollinare Nuovo in Ravenna. There we find Christ with the apostles lying round a semicircular table on which are seven loaves of bread and, on a dish, two fishes; so that here, too, we find the symbolism which had been a feature of the art of the catacombs. And that feature persisted for long—in fact, it is found so late as the end of the fifteenth century, as is witnessed by Leonardo's picture in S. Maria delle Grazie in Milan. This all points to the symbolic character of the beautiful fresco now in the Worcester Museum; the artist who decorated S. Maria inter Angelos had in his mind not so much the fulfilment of the law by the eating of the Paschal lamb as the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and therefore he displayed on his table loaves of bread and dishes of fish with charmingly drawn flagons and cups for the wine.

Speaking generally, thirteenth century artists treated the subject of the Crucifixion not so much from a realistic point of view as from that of dogma; that is, with the intention of showing in symbols the end of the Synagogue and the birth of the Church, rather than portraying the suffering Christ. In the Spoleto fresco we find a more realistic representation. The Christ is in a position of agony; angels attend Him, one of them holding a chalice for the reception of the blood. It is true that the Madonna and three of the women of Jerusalem stand on one side of the Cross, St. John and St. Mary Magdalene on the other; but these six figures really form one group, and there seems little definite symbolic representation of Church and Synagogue, unless it be in the traditional placing of the Madonna on the right and St. John on the left, which can be quite easily explained on other grounds. What is not obvious is the meaning, if any, to be attached to the two figures on the right of the cross. Although these frescoes, painted in bright tones of red, yellow, blue and green, are not of the monumental character of many other frescoes of the thirteenth century, they are hardly surpassed in refinement of line and form. The designs and individual figures are full of the spirit of life; exceptional tenderness and quality of sentiment are felt in both subjects. There is real drama, but a drama enacted with restraint. It would be difficult to find so happy a blending of sheer beauty and intensity. What could be more expressive and sensitive than the "Christ on the



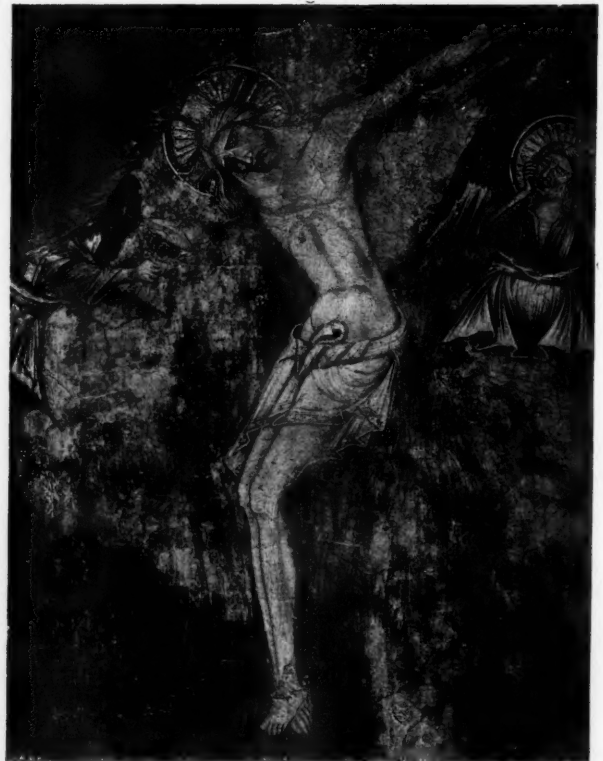
DETAIL OF THE "LAST SUPPER."  
Showing the symbolic fish and tableware of the period.

Cross," particularly the head and shoulders? In this passage the highest point of intensity is realised.

Below the Christ is the fainting Madonna with a number of followers. This passage of the Madonna with the arms of her immediate attendants supporting her, gracefully and rhythmically arranged, is particularly expressive. The dramatic side of the incident is conveyed by gesticulation and inclination of the heads. What could be more eloquent than the uplifted hands of St. Mary Magdalene, or more telling than the sentiment expressed in the St. John by her side? Although Byzantine art is the basis of this phase of—indeed, most—Italian painting, it manifests itself in these frescoes chiefly in externals, in the drawing of clothes and drapery. But these elements, both in composition and mannerism in painting, are much modified by the Roman spirit, very suggestive of Pietro Cavallini, as may be seen by comparing the head of Christ and the other heads in the Worcester "Last Supper" with similar subjects by Cavallini in Sta. Cecilia in Rome. The type of face is, in one case, so naturalistically Roman that the figure on the extreme right of the composition, Judas, might be a Roman senator. The Roman influence is also apparent in the narrative character

of the subject and in the extremely interesting still life on the table, which, at the same time, shows Byzantine influence. In spirit, these paintings, and others which I have seen from the same church, are essentially Italian. The new spirit in a general sense is more evident in the design of the "Crucifixion" than in that of the "Last Supper"—although the latter indicates truer art principles and is more "modern" than much present-day art. Here is a reversal of the laws of perspective, producing not only an aesthetic result, but helping to avoid the monotony of a row of figures, as well as emphasising the supreme person in the gathering. Whether the artist had the technical knowledge to do otherwise is beside the point; if not, then it was all the better for art.

The interest in thirteenth century Italian art is growing rapidly. It is becoming more generally understood that fresco painting of this period is of vast importance historically—in its far-reaching effect on all subsequent European painting. But still more encouraging is a growing realisation that it was founded on a truly spiritual impulse, resulting in an art that, in power of expression and æsthetic character, can be compared only with the great periods of early Eastern sculpture.



DETAIL OF THE "CRUCIFIXION."

Both the frescoes have been acquired by the energy of Mr. Henniker-Heaton for the Art Museum of Worcester, Mass.

Sept.

SIR,—The stretch personal who, un his part, the church often kn since his order, c among v these sai race." I lian pari wherein after w they sto My own from the where, in office, co of "Sex now ret in the c the surr memory Radcliffe all the picture ounce of —his th He was men, w and for hammer stout co flaps of wore sc and in and str irreveren strange his glori slender he could was eati neighbor code of sinner s Old Jac in fact, even wi meet of John " the after Then th shin-kic whom I a plenty should contrast The vi "sendi silent. capacity last days of a few form en hounds carried t The ex a few d replaced

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SIR,—I descript article "no m most th spent o flails so for mon the mer sheaves side. A



# CORRESPONDENCE

## "YE DOG-WHIPPER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There must still be some lives which stretch out far back enough to have known personal contact with one of these officials, who, under this or some other name, played his part, and not a useless part, in the ritual of the church in his day. He was, I think, more often known by the name of the "Boy-banger," since his office embraced the task of keeping order, during the inordinately long sermon, among what I once heard described in one of these said sermons as "the young of the human race." I distinctly remember that in an East Anglian parish, where they had no such official and wherein troubles had arisen, that a vestryman, after wordy discussion, declared that what they stood in need of was a "Boy-banger." My own knowledge of the craft was derived from the parish of Campton in Bedfordshire, where, in 1871, 1872 and 1873, I was curate. The office, comprised under the more dignified title of "Sexton," had lately been held by one who, now retired and bedridden, was still famous in the district as Old Jack—(alas, that the surname should have faded out of my memory)—a "runner" with Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's hounds. A long, lean figure, for all the world like John Leech's inimitable picture of Mr. Pigg, Old Jack carried not an ounce of spare flesh on that gaunt frame of his—his three days a week took care of that. He was one of those ubiquitous, almost uncanny men, who always turned up at any moment and for any place in a run, a spare shoe and hammer and nails, a spare stirrup leather, stout cord, and what not, in the voluminous flaps of his ancient scarlet coat. For Old Jack wore scarlet year in and year out, in the field and in church, and even at the graveside, and strange to say no one found wrong or irreverence in the dearly loved figure of the strange old man. But on Sundays he was in his glory. He was provided with a very long, slender wand—a kind of fishing rod with which he could reach any boy on the ground floor who was eating chestnuts or apples or kicking his neighbour or otherwise violating the outward code of attention to the sermon. If the young sinner sat in the low gallery near the organ, Old Jack had a spare joint to his rod, a butt, in fact, which he fitted on below and so got even with his prey. If, however, the Monday meet of hounds was in a far-off district, "Old John" had to "send himself on" earlier in the afternoon and so was lost to evening service. Then there were apples and chestnuts and free shin-kicking. Such was the only "Boy-banger" whom I personally knew, but there were quite a plenty in English villages, though few, I should suppose, who combined the same contrasted offices as he did. Poor Old Jack! The villages about missed his Tally-ho on "sending on days" sadly when it was at last silent. He had no exact successor in either capacity. When the end came to him—his last days had been made easier by the kindness of a few good sportsmen—it came in a pathetic form enough. The huntsman had brought the hounds to Jack's cottage as he passed and they carried the old man to the window to see them. The excitement proved too much for him and a few days later a type passed away, not to be replaced.—GERALD S. DAVIES.

## ASTLEY HALL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The Astley Hall inscriptions described by Mr. Leatherbarrow might well be Jacobite of about the year 1715, "Rex Jacobus Georgium efundat" being "May King James [the Old Pretender] turn out George." That time of Jacobite plots in France would also explain the use of French in the inscription. The outside woodwork, dated 1600, might easily be older than the window-frame.—J. E. J. PALSER.

## THRASHING WITH A FLAIL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have been amused by Mr. Darwin's description of thrashing with a flail in his article "The Golfing Flagellant." He says "no man could keep it up for two or at the most three days at a time." In my childhood, spent on a Hampshire farm, the tap, tap of the flails sounded from the big barns day after day for months in the winter. I have often watched the men at work, two in each floor with the sheaves piled up in the "mows" on either side. At the end of the week the winnowing

machine was put to work. A man with a huge wooden shovel tossed corn and chaff from the big heap on the floor into the machine, while two women turning a handle at either end set the sails in motion that separated the chaff from the corn. Our head thrasher, "Old Will," nearing eighty, thrashing by the sack, would earn as much as a guinea a week, a big sum for an agricultural labourer in those days. A less expert man might earn a little over half that amount.—L. McDONALD.

## THE INDEPENDENT REDSHANK.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At nesting time the redshank is a bird of most secretive habits, suspicious of any and everything, advancing furtively from tuft to tuft of grass, one step at a time, and then a long wait while she looks carefully around, head and body jerking back and forth, the very expression of nervousness. The nest, as a rule, is made in the centre of a tuft of rushes, into which the bird tunnels, drawing the overhead stalks together to form a perfect roof which also serve as a very effective screen. On rare occasions the redshank entirely alters its habits. Some members of the family seem to have completely lost their nervous and secretive habits and seek the open marsh for their nest with the cheery courage of the plovers. The bird we had the good fortune to find, and which I subsequently photographed, was nesting on a shingle ridge on a wide expanse of salt marsh. The particular portion it had selected had no cover of any sort within 50yds. to 80yds. of the nest, not even a blade of grass big enough to conceal a mouse. There was

a tiny patch of rough weed growing among the shingle, and in this the shank had made her nest and laid her clutch of four eggs. Here she sat in full view of anybody that might pass that way, but as she could see with equal clearness, she was generally some distance away from the nest before the intruder was near. And even when one knew the whereabouts of the nest it was very difficult to find it on one's next visit, the surrounding sand and stones were so much the colour of the eggs, and even of the bird itself, that a careful search was needed to discover its whereabouts. I put up a small hiding tent near the nest overnight and went across as soon as the tide permitted in the morning. The redshank was off her nest when we arrived and was feeding unconcernedly a little distance away. As soon as my companion left me, the bird flew up, whistling cheerfully as she came. Alighting a few yards off, she ran quickly up to the nest and settled down on her eggs, arranging them under her with her feet. This in itself was a curious action, for a bird usually arranges the eggs with its bill, turning them over before she sits on them, and then gently tucks them under her feathers. But not so with this redshank. As can be seen in the photograph, she fluffed out her breast feathers preparatory to settling down, and then proceeded to move the eggs with her feet, which necessitated a great deal of scratching about before she was satisfied, during which time the eggs seemed to be receiving far from gentle treatment. Once comfortably established on her eggs she would sit there quite contentedly for long periods, and when she did leave for any reason, was soon back again, always giving notice of her return by that clear, flute-like whistle.—M. G. S. BEST.



"NO COVER OF ANY SORT."

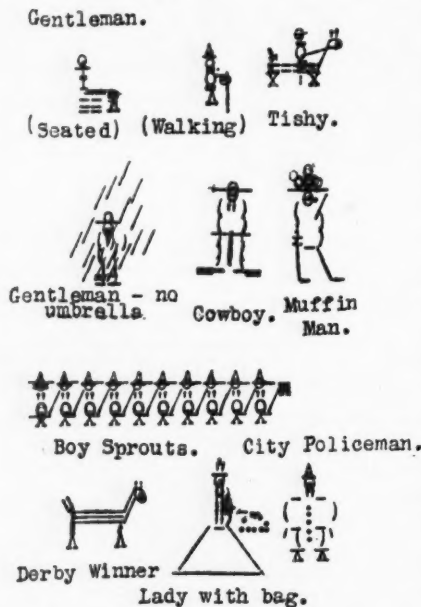


"SHE FLUFFED OUT HER BREAST FEATHERS."

TYPEWRITER ART.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—This specimen of typewriter art may interest some of your readers. Every line and



DRAWN WITH A TYPEWRITER.

mark is produced by an ordinary standard typewriter. It might be amusing to try to carry the "art" still further.—W. W.

THE HERON AND HIS ENEMIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Personally I have yet to find out a good reason for the antipathy of so many birds to the heron. This season I have watched both a rook and a green plover doing battle with a heron in the air and keeping up a flying fight for some little time. In both cases the smaller birds gave up the fight after a time. Within the last few days, when down in the south of Cornwall, I watched a similar fight between a herring gull and a heron, also in the air. It is, of course, common knowledge that a heron is practically omnivorous and will catch and swallow water voles, frogs, eels, fish and young water fowl with ease, but I do not think in either of the cases cited the question of food entered into it. One would think the heron well armed and quite capable of taking care of both himself and his belongings, but a year or two ago crows destroyed every egg in a Somerset heronry.—ERNEST A. LITTEN.

A YOUNG HORSEWOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph of the daughter, aged nine, of Dr. Frederick Hall of Takapau, New Zealand, which, if you consider of sufficient interest, you might be inclined to publish in COUNTRY LIFE. She is, as you can see, an intrepid little horsewoman.—G. MILLS.



"A PROUD RIDER ON SO PROUD A BACK."

A SNAKE IN A STEEL WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I suppose that perhaps the last place in which you would expect to find a snake is a steel works. On August 2nd last, in the Armour Plate Department of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., at Manchester, a workman was attracted by the unusual excitement of a cat in the shop, and saw a snake come out of a pile of dry brushwood. This brushwood, which is used for breaking the scale on the plates, was received from the neighbourhood of Doncaster. The man secured the snake cleverly, and it is now in the Manchester University Museum. It is an adder, or viper, 19½ ins. long.—A. H. J. COCHRANE.

THE FLOOD ON THE LOWER YANGTZE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—To-day (10th July, 1924) the water level at Kiukiang reached the extraordinary height of 44ft. 4ins. In July, 1901, it reached 45ft., but, though the records go back to 1870, there has been no other year, except 1901, when the Yangtze had attained its present height. A large creek joins the river close to the city, and over this there are two wooden bridges. One of these is isolated altogether, with a big gap of deep water at either end, while the other has the water so close up to the roadway that sampans can no longer get underneath. Many of the streets in the city are flooded, and numbers of Chinese have had to turn out of their houses, and as they live normally under most overcrowded conditions, the present state of things can be imagined. In the Concession the whole of the Bund is under water, and we get about on planks supported on boxes. Of course, the sampan men are thoroughly enjoying themselves, and are reaping quite a harvest. Yesterday I went in a boat to the Customs Repair Yard, where the light boats, etc., are constructed; the whole yard is under water, and in the vegetable garden at one end I saw good sized fish rising! Behind the city there is a large grassy plain, which stretches right away to the Kuling foothills; this, of course, is now a vast lake, and the numerous cattle which used to graze there have been moved to some low hills which run along on either side of the Kuling motor road. The first 400yds. of this road, which starts just behind the city, are under water, as also is the garage. A temporary garage has been erected on higher ground farther along the road. At present the water is still rising slowly, but I think the flood has almost reached its culminating point, for, higher up the Yangtze, near the Gorges, the water level is below normal. The vast levels on either side of the river act as a safety valve to this part of the valley; if the ranges on each flank were close in, instead of far away, a flood of the present calibre would wash Kiukiang away. The Poyang lake, as a rule, takes up much of the surplus water, but this summer we have had such heavy rains that, instead of the current running into the lake, as it ought to, it has been running out, and so helping to pile up, instead of reduce, the waters of the Yangtze.—"FLEUR-DE-LYS."

A FAMILY OF SEALYHAMS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of pedigree Sealyhams bred by Major Garthwaite, the Administrator of Enham Village Centre. The boys holding them are Major Garthwaite's twin sons, who are at Wellington College.



A HOLIDAY GROUP.

Perhaps you would care to publish these photographs in COUNTRY LIFE.—WILFERD FLETCHER.

AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An interesting discovery was recently made at a farmhouse in north-west Norfolk during the course of a valuation for probate. The valuer was much intrigued by a set of five old chairs, and, without being an expert, he was of opinion that they were valuable antiques, and he assessed them at £12 each. They had formed a humble portion of the kitchen furniture for many years, and have only recently been promoted to the sitting-room. After the valuation, steps were taken to obtain an expert's opinion, and his verdict is that they are genuine chairs of the period of Queen Anne. The set consists of five pieces, an armchair and four small chairs, with beautifully carved backs. They are in



A FINE OLD COUNTRY-MADE CHAIR.

a wonderfully good state of preservation and in daily use. Originally the set comprised two armchairs and four small chairs, and the framework of the sixth chair and a portion of the carved back have been found in a harness room attached to the stables.—PHILO.

[The chair shown in the illustration is of considerable interest, but the expert consulted is certainly mistaken in his opinion. These chairs are country versions of a fashionable model, the latticework filling of the splat being frequently adopted by Chippendale's contemporaries. In the third edition of the "Director" (1763), Chippendale revives the side stretchers, obsolete since the first quarter of the century, but stretchers connecting the front legs were never employed at this time by London makers. In these chairs they represent a traditional fashion, never discarded in country districts.—ED.]



# CESAREWITCH & CAMBRIDGESHIRE

SOME NOTES ON THE WORK OF THE HANDICAPPER.

QUITE wonderful it is what a lot of public interest there is in the two Autumn Handicaps which are decided at the Newmarket meetings in October: the reference is to the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Long before the entries are even received and published some amazing optimists are making small wagers, attracted, of course, by the remote possibility of making a little into a lot. They are dazzled by odds running into four figures with only the need to invest a pound or so, entirely overlooking the fact that the advertising bookmakers, who accommodate the optimists, regularly depend on making a substantial income each year out of this class of betting. The entries for the two races closed in the early part of the month, and the weights were published last week. This week the non-contents will be known, and if those who betted weeks ago find their choice among the acceptors they will be sufficiently encouraged for the time being. They have at least got over a fence or two. Their feelings may, indeed, be likened to the man who has backed an outsider for the Grand National and finds it still standing up on the completion of the first round of the course at Aintree.

I chanced across one of those bookmakers' lists, which was issued just before the weights were made known, and to my astonishment I found a horse at 10 to 1—before the weights were made known, mind you, and five or six weeks before the race was due to be run! Is it possible, I wondered, that some poor fish could be rising to a bait so miserable? Very soon afterwards I chanced to meet the respected head of a very big starting-price business. I knew his knowledge would be well worth acquiring on the subject, and to my astonishment he assured me that the best price his firm could lay against Ceylonese—for that was the name of the horse—was 100 to 9, which is rather better than 10 to 1, but to my mind ridiculously short. "Well," he rejoined, "what can we do? He is the one horse which has been steadily backed for some time past and they are taking the price." It is quite clear from this that the public are convinced that Ceylonese will win a Cesarewitch. Now let us see exactly what his claims are to win on this occasion. He belongs to Sir Abe Bailey, who some years ago won the Cesarewitch with Son in Law. He also failed to do so with Tishy.

Two years ago, when Ceylonese was a three year old, he was a 10 to 1 chance for the Cesarewitch at the time of starting, and was third, beaten a neck and three lengths by Light Dragon (at 100 to 1) and The Villager. He was forgotten for a time, and then he cropped up again for the race last year in precisely the way he has done now. This time he started actual favourite at 6 to 1, and was third, beaten a short head and a length and a half by Rose Prince and Teresina. Now we have Rose Prince and Teresina entered again. The former has to concede only 3lb. more to Ceylonese for the beating he gave him. Teresina, who won the Goodwood Cup and is a great stayer, now meets Rose Prince on 10lb. worse terms; but, of course, you have to allow something for the improvement the mare is expected to make when progressing from a three year old to a four year old. A year ago Teresina received the sex allowance of 3lb. from Ceylonese and beat him a length and a half. She is now set to give him 10lb., but meanwhile Ceylonese has done nothing, and Teresina has been gaining some renown. The inference to be drawn is that if Ceylonese really be a true 10 to 1 chance, then Rose Prince should be at a shortish price too. At the moment I like nothing better than the winner of last year, and fully expect his name to be found among the acceptors this week.

Now, Ceylonese has not been on a racecourse this season, which is not altogether in his favour. It is said that he gave trouble in training, and it may be that his feet, which have always been soft and too close to the ground, requiring special shoeing, have been troubling again. However, we do know that he has been sound again for some time, and that he has done a lot of long-distance work, so that it cannot be doubted his objective once more is the Cesarewitch. As I write, word reaches me that he is to run at Doncaster this week. Presumably he was asked to run a public trial in the Rufford Abbey Plate of two miles and a furlong, the winning of which does not involve any penalty for the Cesarewitch. He was also in the Great Yorkshire Handicap of a mile and six furlongs. Personally, if I want to bet on the Cesarewitch, the day of the race is quite soon enough, when I can make sure as to the best form in the interval and the way horses have come through hard preparations. So very few have any pretensions to get the distance that winner-finding on the day is not so difficult a business as it looks, though the optimists seem to find it easy and simple weeks and months before the race.

I cannot imagine that either Town Guard or Tranquil will be found among the acceptors. The former has been doubtfully honoured by being given the very big top weight of 9st. 9lb. What on earth has this horse done to merit such a formidable impost? Tranquil, I am informed, is for the stud, but it is interesting to note that Mr. Dawkins considers last year's St. Leger winner to be 4lb. superior to the best of all others in this country. She is set 7lb. above Teresina, and probably the

estimate is rightly based on when they were first and third, respectively, for the St. Leger last year. It would be a certainty, in my opinion, for Rose Prince to give 2lb. to his old Ascot opponent, Keror, who at 8st. 9lb. can have no recommendation from me. French horses generally abound much nearer the top of the handicap than the bottom, but then they can still breed stayers, whereas such horses are at a severe discount with us. The fact is alarming, but nevertheless true.

One notes with interest that Polyphontes is rated as being the best three year old both in the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Mr. Dawkins was clearly impressed by the Eclipse Stakes win of Mr. Sol Joel's three year old, and, of course, the estimate will have been handsomely approved should the colt have triumphed this week. The Ascot Stakes winner, Scullion, figures on the 7st. 13lb. mark, which may be quite enough for him, but then it is suggested that his trainer, Captain Hogg, may possibly have a better one in Satan Bolet, the French-bred chestnut horse which ran a good second for the Goodwood Stakes this year. Brisl, on the 7st. mark, is also trained by Captain Hogg. Leonardo, second for the Goodwood Cup and a winner since, is of the right type of staying three year old, and though it takes a good three year old to win under 7st. 7lb., Leonardo may be all that. He and Teresina met at 17lb. when the latter won the Goodwood Cup by a neck all out. They are handicapped now at 17lb., and, again, the younger horse is expected to improve the more. The weight for age allowance over two miles in October is 13lb., but as against this I should say that the mare always was an individual of higher class. Bracket won the Cesarewitch as a three year old under 7st. 7lb., and Air Raid had 8st. 11lb. when he won at the same age. On the whole, though, 7st. 7lb. is a pretty fair weight for a three year old to win the Cesarewitch under.

Mr. Dawkins, as usual, has done his work as handicapper most skillfully and carefully where the Cambridgeshire is concerned, and it is no use anyone suggesting at this stage that this or that horse has been thrown into the race. Maybe, running in the interim will show up one or two that display sudden improvement, timed to a nicety to coincide with the publication of the weights! Pharos at 9st. 11lb. is a compliment to the horse that won the Liverpool Cup by ten or a dozen lengths rather than to the one that made such a sorry show for the City and Suburban Handicap. Apparently he is hopeless in deep ground, but as we rarely experience that at Newmarket we may expect him to play his best part if good enough in other respects. Twelve Pointer, Pondoland and Verdict are all level (8st. 12lb.) in point of merit. That estimate is most interesting. My leanings at the moment are towards Verdict. She does not get more than a mile and a half, even though she won the Coronation Cup over that distance. The race for the Princess of Wales' Stakes disclosed her limitations in that respect. She is sure to beat Twelve Pointer on the Jubilee Stakes form, and so I eliminate that horse as between these three. Pondoland has jumped very much higher in the handicap, but his real worth since a two year old is being revealed at last. One wonders why it has not been shown in public before during the last two seasons. He would do things at home, but never in public, until suddenly he switched over a new leaf and won Mr. Sol Joel the Anniversary Cup at Sandown Park last July.

The records of the Cambridgeshire point most strongly to three year olds. Horses of that age, with one exception, have won ever since the war, namely, Milenko, Re-echo and Verdict. The exception was the lightly weighted five year old Brigand. Before then there was an unbroken string of them, namely, Zinovia, Brown Prince, Eos, Silver Tag, Honeywood and Cantilever. Older horses had an innings before then, but all recent history points most strongly to three year olds. We have Polyphontes weighted at 8st. 9lb., which is a very big weight. Salmon Trout, however, is very close at 8st. 7lb.; Diophon (the Two Thousand Guineas winner) is on the 8st. 4lb. mark and the further we look down the list the more thickly do they strew the handicap. They are, indeed, present in such force that one of their number will probably start favourite.

In that list of bookmakers' prices to which I referred at the outset, I noticed 25 to 1 betted on the field for the Cambridgeshire, and on that mark were five horses—Verdict, Pharos, Twelve Pointer, Purple Shade and Dawson City. Dawson City has been amiss, and I advise that he be left alone for the present. It seems to me that he never got over a hurried preparation for the Derby, but in any case his weight of 7st. 11lb. is not a lenient one. I would rather have Paddy in the same stable at 7st. Beyond a smooth performance at Ascot little has been seen of Purple Shade. He has been carefully raced, and probably he will be all the better for the consideration shown to him. He has been given the big weight of 8st. 3lb., and I certainly would not fancy him unless I were fairly sure that he would get the distance of nine furlongs. When he won at Ascot it was over five furlongs.

A three year old between the 7st. and 8st. mark is the sort that is usually prominent on the day, both in the betting and in the race. The eligibles in that regard would be Blue Lake

Knight of the Garter, Frater, Coramond, Soldat de France, Cockpit, Mignault, Boxhill, Burslem, Paddy, Illyrian and Thundercloud II. The last named is a French horse and has been for some time in this country, but I am satisfied that he does not stay. Soldat de France is French bred, but by the old Derby winner, Spearmint, who died some weeks ago. Mignault is the Irish horse that was bought for Lady Edgar for £5,000 or so. Something was clearly thought of him, and he

was unquestionably a good colt in Ireland, but the point in doubt is as to how far Irish form is behind ours. At 7st. 4lb., though, I regard him as one of the picks of the handicap. Further reference to the races can be made with some frequency, and at least it will be wise now to wait for the acceptances. I can see, as I write, quite a number that will disappear from the races at that stage. The non-acceptors will be known before these notes are with the reader.

PHILIPPOS.

## INSTRUCTION IN EQUITATION

By LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

**M**OST of those who are known as riding or hunting people have at some time or another been asked to give instruction in riding. It may be to a child, whose education demands considerable knowledge and attention, or merely to a casual acquaintance who is searching for knowledge in some one particular or another. Or it may be to some friend who has not ridden before and who we wish to bring up to a hunting standard. Whatever the circumstances may be, the knowledge of how to instruct and what to teach cannot fail to be beneficial to our friends, as well as ourselves, and it is with this object that the present article is written.

To go into the matter deeply would, naturally, be quite out of the question in one brief paper. Only outlines and principles can be laid down, and we must leave all the details to be filled in by our readers, for themselves. This, from their own previous knowledge and experience will not be so very difficult a matter once the fundamentals are accepted and applied. They are simple in principle and easy in execution. They require no elaborate mechanism, or *manèges* or aids to steady tremulous fingers. No costly appliances in timber, such as jumping lanes; no beeswax for the breeches or neck straps for the nervous. Nothing is required except the four essentials. A quiet horse, an obedient pupil, a saddle and a bridle. Later on, a little fence, made, preferably, of a sliding, unbreakable bar, with or without wings, capable of being lowered to the ground or raised to 2ft. 6ins. With these alone we can build so substantial an edifice as to be the foundation to a monument of efficiency, if we only add perseverance and determination on the part of the pupil. So now let us get to business. We only have two main principles.

The first is: Never ask your pupil to perform what he cannot do with ease and certainty.

The second is: Never trot until he can walk, never walk till he knows how to sit.

The old riding-school days in the Army are now a thing of the past. They have been buried without a tear. They were the antithesis of effective instruction, and the wonder is that they lasted so long. The idea was the long whip, frightening both men and horses. Breaking by a process of terrorism, which was as stupid as it was gross. Men went sick in those days rather than face the riding master, and boils and chafes and sprains were so common it was impossible to avoid one or other. Naturally, recruits were so stiff after their first few rides they could hardly walk, and many, from the outset, took a hearty dislike to the saddle. No one is called upon to learn to ride by such methods now. Be the pupil young or old, timid or bold, the same system should be adopted, because it is the quickest and the most effective. If we cannot get hold of a wooden horse, we must select a quiet horse which will stand still.

The first lessons should be devoted to all the elements of horsemanship. Mounting, dismounting, the position of the body and the head when sitting in the saddle. The length of the stirrup leather, the holding of the reins, and the action of the wrists and fingers. For a lesson or two it is unnecessary to leave the stable yard. There is so much to teach and it is so important to get the fundamentals right. All this while the pupil is gaining confidence and accustoming his muscles to the unwonted exercise. For the first lesson, fifteen minutes actually sitting in the saddle will be quite sufficient. If our pupil is in the least stiff or sore the next day, we retard rather than accelerate instruction. After we have got all these matters right at the stand, we may then proceed to walk. Here we find instructors are too ready to hasten on to more advanced exercises. The reason is that they can see but little to criticise in their pupils at this pace; they want to get to those more exacting phases, when faults cannot be disguised. It is here where they commit the gravest fault themselves. There is a great

deal to teach at the walk. So many points to correct and habits to create that we should not attempt to trot for quite a long time.

After the pupil has got quite perfect at the walk, even then trotting should not be undertaken. The muscles should be improved, not by tiresome calisthenics or gymnastic feats, but by teaching the elementary turns and making the pupil use his legs in so doing. There is the simple turn in the corner, the rather difficult turn on the hocks, the half passage, the rein back and other comparatively simple exercises, all of which are of great importance and in the execution of which the riding muscles are developed and confidence nurtured. Thus a week can easily be spent without breaking into a trot. But it will have been a week of great value. We shall have established sound foundations and we shall have given our pupil, no matter how nervous, great and lasting confidence.

When we start to trot we must observe similar principles. The position of the body, legs and hands must be continuously checked until the correct attitude becomes a habit. From then onwards the instruction can be continuously progressive. From the trot to the canter and from the canter to the leap.

Those who have read the previous articles on equitation which have appeared in these pages, will know the points which are necessary to instil. The importance of the length of rein, the balance of the body, the angle of the stirrup and the accurate adjustment of the leather, regulated to each and every movement or pace, and in conformity with the action and balance of the horse, and stern editorial decrees forbid these points being opened up again. But in the instruction for the leap there is still a fresh field to cover.

The tendency nearly always is to give the pupil too large an obstacle. Even if such is not the case, for the first lesson or two, the obstacle is nearly always raised too quickly. Let us remember our first guiding rule. "Never ask your pupil to perform what he cannot do with ease and certainty." Now, if he has never jumped a fence before and he is suddenly asked to do so, no one can say that he will approach the task with real confidence, however much it may be assumed. On the other hand, if he is asked to gallop over a beam lying on the ground, the instructor can be assured that he is not unduly disturbing the composure of his pupil.

Many instructors will say that this is no lesson, because the horse does not jump, but merely gallops over it. Yet this is far from being the case with a teacher who knows his job. The pupil must be taught to go through the motions of the leap. The action of the hands, the throw of the body, the control during the approach, the freedom of head and loins during the imaginary leap, can all be practised, and it is not until these principles have been understood that the bar should be raised. Even then it should not be put up more than a few inches at a time, and we must remember 2ft. 6ins. is a quite formidable enough leap for many a day. With instruction carried on on these lines, it is quite wonderful how quickly pupils will learn.

It is not necessary to have wings to the bar, in fact, they are better away. The fence is so low that horses seldom bother to run out, and it is very valuable to the pupil to have to keep his horse straight and to overcome any suggestion of swerving during the approach. It is also good for the horse, because wings, after all, are unnatural, and everything that represents unreality should be avoided as far as possible.

If we bear these simple, broad principles in mind when next we are asked to give instruction to a friend, be he, or she, young, middle-aged or old, we shall find it applies equally to any age, and that they are simple in application, easy to inculcate and effective in result. I only wish I had been taught myself on these lines. The road would not have been so stony, or the way so long had it been so.



# SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

## FURTHER GAME REPORTS.

**WILTSHIRE.**—Pheasants nested later than usual, but many nests and broods were destroyed by the heavy storms and cold weather which marked the period when genial conditions were all-important. In the case of hand-reared birds those which enjoyed the advantage of a well-drained and sheltered field have done fairly well. Partridge coveys are below average both in numbers and size, the large number of barren birds which are in evidence proving the adverse nature of the season. Hares are about the average and foxes plentiful. On the downs badgers appear to be increasing, the result for keepers being that the labour of earth stopping is greatly increased.

**NORTH WALES.**—The condition of game in this part is very favourable, to a great extent because of the concerted effort which has been made to restore pre-war conditions. A number of estates which have not reared pheasants since the war interruption started afresh this season; others which made an earlier effort have been tempted by the effect produced, both as regards sport and the prices obtainable for game sent to market, to equal or approach the totals of a decade ago. Where the conditions of soil and shelter have been reasonably favourable reared birds have done well. Partridges on the low-lying grounds have not prospered, while on the uplands they rank at best as patchy. A good many barren birds explain the scarcity, which is all the more to be regretted because on a number of estates English partridges have been turned down for stock during the past two seasons. Hares are increasing locally owing to the desire of farmers to improve the conditions of coursing.

## ENCOURAGE COURSING.

This is the time of year when coursing fixtures are being arranged. Since one of the game reports above given mentions that farmers are encouraging hares in the interests of this sport the moral conveyed might be taken to heart by shooting men. Too often the coursing interest finds itself hampered in the procuring of ground and is obliged to preserve large areas on its own account. On an occasion when I was tenant of a fairly considerable expanse of ideal coursing ground the fraternity were made welcome more than once, and while no noticeable effect was produced on the stock of hares no other single piece of action did quite so much to procure goodwill towards sport with the gun. Only recently I heard that no fixtures at all had been permitted on the same ground by the subsequent tenant and this during ten years of comparatively light shooting. The coursing was arranged by a party of enthusiasts who issued about fifty invitations and provided lunch for all. Apart from witnessing the sport a very jolly day was spent, one where neighbouring farmers, local tradesmen and others of similar type indulged in that boisterous glee for which these occasions offer the opportunity. Besides showing good fellowship, shooting would certainly serve its own interests by permitting such gatherings. Tenants living away from a district, syndicates also no doubt, suffer considerable loss of sport through not knowing the means by which local opinion can be conciliated. Presents of game and rabbits which are practically an obligation get omitted, but there is no reason why the simple word which permits one or more coursing meetings should not be uttered. The great thing needful for hares is quiet, but hares are not the sole beneficiaries.

## A NUISANCE IN PHEASANT COVERTS.

Starlings at this time are apt to become a great nuisance by selecting a favourite roosting covert of pheasants for their own nightly abode. Whatever may be said in favour of other species, everybody is agreed that there are too many starlings. Like the sparrow it nests in human habitations and migrates to the fields in autumn. That its main feeding ground is meadowland bespeaks it a friend of the farmer, but unhappily its abounding numbers lead it into methods of feeding on newly sown corn-land for which the pheasant is often blamed. By all indications the starling population divides the country into areas the denizens of which frequent a common roosting place. What that area may be is hard to judge, but on the basis of numbers one might easily accord it a twenty-mile radius. Those using the centre of London, such as St. Paul's and the Nelson Monument, not to forget particular tree clumps in the parks, can hardly come from a less distance than its meadow outskirts; certainly I have seen large packs in the outer fringe of suburbs flying inwards. When the place they choose is inconvenient to the owner a warm reception with guns will soon alter their destination. Not fewer than a couple of hundred light-recoil cartridges should be taken by each of the shooters, who would do well to have a pair of guns and if possible a loader as well; for while the fun lasts it is furious, hence the gun soon becomes too hot to hold. Stand should be taken in a space just inside the wood, a clearing open to the sky being best. The shots presented are of a peculiar brand, for the arriving companies of birds dive vertically down from the sky, the dive becoming a curve at an

inconveniently near range. One hostile reception usually suffices, but a second visit is desirable about a week later to rout the obstinate residuum. How one would convince a town gathering that its presence was unwelcome is a problem.

## IMPROMPTU CLAY BIRD SHOOTING.

The accompanying view of a pit which has been dug for clay bird shooting is an illustration rather of the way how not to do it than an indication of the right course. It well enough serves the purpose of a club where the members are desirous of cultivating the gun-lift which triumphs over the bird, rising with a rapidity beyond the power of wings to accomplish. The 60ft. per second rate of clay bird flight is that of game birds when going full speed on a level course, but their rising speed is probably one half. Conditions are, therefore, not those of pheasant or partridge. The former admittedly continues on the original course clay-bird fashion, but as none but farmers degrade so sporting a bird by shooting it rising from roots, partridges alone may be considered. A flushed covey more or less leaps into the air and so attains a height of 6ft. or more, its component items then swinging and swirling in a variety of directions which present the conditions rather of a crossing than a going-away shot, the difficulty being to mark a particular bird travelling in a settled direction. Practice at crossing shots, whether due to driving or walking up, is undoubtedly best obtained with clay birds by mounting the trap on some sort of bench standing on



THE SELDOM NECESSARY PIT.

the ground level. For this there is no better design than follows from fitting legs to a short length of tree trunk, the trapper sitting astride the horse so fashioned. The shooters by varying the position of their stand can then obtain experience in dealing with an immense variety of marks. For those who need to practise simple gun mounting and trigger release the trench, or its equivalent in the form of a deep ditch, is useful; but the bird should be thrown by hand in the manner of pitching a coin aloft for trick rifle shooting. In that case a simple disc, much cheaper than the clay bird, would suffice. A clean run of smashes under these conditions is no mean performance. Where in my opinion the conventional method of throwing clay birds, whether at clubs or shooting schools, lacks reality resides in the fact that the trap is released at the instant when the shooter is ready. At clubs if the response is a second late the competitor has good reason to complain, the explanation being that he is strung up to such a pitch that the slightest delay baulks him badly. Game birds do not advise the time of their arrival nor do they follow any set programme. The first over in a drive is usually missed because nobody is ready. Then follows a spell of overdone alertness (when probably nothing further appears), with the result that strained faculties tire, so that the bird arriving after a moderate delay is again bungled. The practised shooter has learnt to adopt a species of semi-alertness, not so strained as to tire and yet always capable of quick response to the sensation conveyed by eye or ear. Clay bird practice might, but seldom does, afford practice in this regard. Under competitive conditions with a single trap the moment of release might be anywhere within a time space of one minute, while to add fun to the proceedings rivals in the contest might pull for one another. Certainly, I should never consider clay bird practice was being run on game lines unless it observed this condition. The delay would be beneficial in that it would slow down the rate of firing to one which would diminish the sense of extravagance so often acting as a deterrent. During the walking up of game over sparsely furnished ground there is an immense difference in the deportment of shooters after they have lost their first freshness. Some are entirely unready, a few carry their guns in a dangerous manner, while the examples of easy readiness are rare.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# CONVERSION OF MANSIONS

**W**OLLATON will now enter on a new sphere of usefulness as part of the public property of the City of Nottingham. To-day the conversion of a Derbyshire mansion, Bretby Hall, into a hospital follows its sale to the County Council, and the well known house, Swakelys, has, we believe, become a suburban hostel.

Sir John Leigh, Bt., M.P., who recently purchased Witley Park, 3,357 acres, between Haslemere and Hindhead, through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, has instructed them to dispose of his Berkshire residence, Somerlea, Maidenhead Court, on the banks of the Thames, facing Cliveden Woods.

Red Home, Walton Heath, designed by Mr. Morley Horder for Lord Stevenson, within five minutes' walk of Walton Heath golf course, will be submitted shortly by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for Captain Birt Davies.

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley announce through their Ashford office coming sales of Kentish properties. In the Isle of Thanet, between Canterbury and Ramsgate, at Sarre, is a farm of 200 acres called The Elms, an oak-panelled Elizabethan house, owned and occupied by the vendor's family for 150 years. The world's championship for malting barley was won some years ago by this farm. The trustees of Southlands Hospital, New Romney, have instructed the firm to sell the Governor's House, close to Littlestone Golf Links.

### "OUR VILLAGE."

**MISS MITFORD** may no longer be a "best seller," perhaps she never was, but her novel "Our Village" has an inexhaustible charm, and it deals largely with the district, indeed with the very house, now prominent by reason of the fact that Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are to sell Arborfield Hall next month at Reading. The ancient manor house at Arborfield, built in the reign of James I, partly survives in the stabling, a fine old block of Tudor buildings at Arborfield Hall, and when it was proposed to sell the house in the eighteenth century for breaking up it was found to be too sturdily constructed to yield any profit from demolition. The present residence was built by George Pelsant Dawson and enlarged by Sir John Conroy and Captain Thomas Hargreaves, who acquired the property in 1855. The estate covers 325 acres, and besides the mansion and home farm there is fishing in the Loddon, the rights of which were attached to Arborfield as far back as 1589.

Mr. A. W. Mosman is about to dispose of his sporting estate in Lanarkshire, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer it by auction. The property consists of Newton House, two areas of grouse moor, each of about 2,000 acres, and another farm, the whole being 5,000 acres. Before the war over 1,000 brace of grouse were shot each year. The house was built by Alexander Irving, Lord Newton (1760-1832), a senator of the College of Justice, and was the residence of the antiquary, George Vere Irving, who died in 1869.

### THE WOLLATON HALL SALE.

**WOLLATON HALL** has been sold, as we announced a week ago, and there has been some doubt in many quarters as to the acreage that passes with the historic seat. Lord Middleton has transferred to the Corporation of Nottingham the park of 744 acres, a compact area enclosed by the wall, and 57 acres of allotments on its northern side, along the Nottingham and Wollaton road, a total of 801 acres. At £200,000 this works out at £250 an acre, taking land only into account. It may be remarked that that is treating the mansion as a gift, and the answer may fairly be made, in our opinion, that that is quite the correct way of regarding it, and also that the land at £250 an acre represents a substantial and undoubted donation by the noble owner to the City of Nottingham.

Nottingham is to be congratulated on the realisation at last of hopes which have been long and fondly cherished and often dashed. It may not be amiss to repeat the expression of a hope that in utilising such of the land as they devote to housing the Corporation will jealously guard the amenities of the mansion, and that they will find means to

maintain its immediate environment in such a manner as will not impair its great and unmatched beauty as seen from points in the park.

Messrs. Thurgood, Martin and Eve, the London agents, have, in selling Wollaton, made a promising beginning of the task entrusted to them by Lord Middleton of realising something like 16,000 acres.

### MISS WINIFRED EMERY'S HOUSE.

**THE** late Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) lived at The Corner, Bexhill-on-Sea, a very beautifully situated modern residence, in grounds of an acre, now for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons in their auction at St. James's Square on October 21st, freehold, with possession, by order of the tenant-for-life. In the neighbouring Sussex resort, St. Leonards-on-Sea, the firm has, jointly with Messrs. John Bray and Sons, the local agents, to sell Oak Lea and 5½ acres on September 23rd, and on the same occasion they will put White Lilies, Clewer, over 4 acres, into the market at an "upset" price of £1,400. Another property, in this case freehold, Carrick Grange, about 5 or 6 acres, at Sevenoaks, is also to be submitted at a declared reserve, £6,000. The auction of Carrick Grange is on October 21st at St. James's Square. Messrs. Hampton and Sons have a long list of choice houses for September 23rd, and also for dates next month. They are to let The Manor House, Charlwood, and 30 acres, for a year by order of Miss Gladys Cooper.

Prior Place, Heatherside, Camberley, an old-fashioned house and 10 acres, adjoining the golf course, has been sold by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

Sir Philip Gibbs has just sold his modern residence, Ladygate, Dorking, on the foothills of Box Hill, with lodge, garage and grounds of 4 acres through Messrs. Norfolk and Prior.

### ASHRIDGE PARK FURNITURE.

**ASHRIDGE PARK**, Berkhamstead, still contains a considerable quantity of fine old furniture, walnut, oak and chestnut panelling, engravings, pewter and other property, and the executors of the late Lord Brownlow have directed Messrs. Drivers, Jonas and Co. to sell the same by auction, early next month.

Andrews Farm, Great Easton, not far from Dunmow, just sold with 50 acres by Messrs. Clark and Mansfield, has been accounted worthy of reference in the Royal Commission's Inventory of Historical Monuments in Essex. It was begun at the end of the fifteenth century, and extensions southwards and a wing on the east were added in the seventeenth century. Messrs. Clark and Mansfield have also sold Highfield, Roydon, about 1½ acres, on which a large sum has been spent in the last six years.

Wallbury, the Roman camp, scheduled as an ancient monument, occupies part of Wallbury Farm, a holding of 188 acres, overlooking the river Stort, and the farm is practically all that remains for realisation of the Hallingbury estate, Bishop's Stortford, Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and H. and R. L. Cobb having in the last few days sold £4,250 worth of the small remaining acreage. The mansion of the Houlton family (described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, vol. xxxvi., page 390; and xlv., 440), and a large area were sold at the auction a year ago to clients of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., and it was recently announced in these columns that the late Mr. Edward North Buxton's trustees had dedicated a large area of the forest to public use.

Messrs. Franklin and Jones, with Messrs. John Thornton and Co., and Mr. W. G. Millar, have sold White House estate, Beccles, with Old Hall Farm, a total of 323 acres, for £6,750.

Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, have sold the sixteenth century Cotswold manor house known as Avening Court, Glos, and park of 109 acres. It is mentioned in Cromwell's inventory of the manor houses of Sion Monastery (1534) and became, by grant of Henry VIII, the property of the first Baron Windsor. It passed with the manor to the Playne family in the eighteenth century. The purchaser was represented by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Transactions throughout August proved no exception to the rule that properties in Bournemouth and district have been selling freely. Messrs. Fox and Sons have found

purchasers for Cliff End, Manor Road; West Cliff Lodge, Marlborough Road; a new house on Boscombe Manor estate; Dilkusha, Parkstone; Morwenstow, Milford-on-Sea; Thornbury, Stourcliffe Avenue; Somborne, Princess Road; Bosley Wood Farm and Latch Farm, all at Christchurch; a number of miscellaneous properties and three farms near Lymington. The purchase-money amounted to £66,503. They have been entrusted with the development of Watchetts estate, Camberley, and announce an auction on October 21st of seventy-eight sites, also the residence with 15 acres of gardens and lakes, close to the town and Royal Military and Staff College.

### SALE OF UPWEY MANOR.

**THAT** exquisite small stone manor house in a characteristic setting of beautiful gardens, Upwey Manor, one of the many old family residences for which Dorset is famed, has changed hands this week. The manor house dates from the year 1639. The sale was effected by Messrs. Hy. Duke and Son in private treaty and the firm has also sold the Clinger estate, a freehold agricultural and sporting estate of 406 acres of vale and upland pasture in Buckland Newton, eight miles from Sherborne and ten from Dorchester, with farmhouse, cottages and homestead all in first-class order; West End estate, Ebbesborne Wake, so far as regards West End House, a typical yeoman's home, dating from the Tudor times, with delightful old gardens and an extensive ring-fenced area of sound arable and pasture, and buildings and cottages; also Parsonage Farm, Dewlish, eight miles from Dorchester, 262 acres.

### VISCOUNT HARCOURT'S LAND.

**VISCOUNT HARCOURT'S** trustees authorised Messrs. Nicholas to enter into contracts with the tenants for the private sale of nearly 1,000 acres of the Harcourt Settled Estates before the auction which the Reading firm conducted at Oxford a few days ago. Other farms changed hands under the hammer, realisations amounting to about £45,000, with timber valuations additional, and negotiations are in progress regarding the holdings which failed to reach the reserves. The total area involved in the auction was 3,367 acres, with valuable fishing rights. There is not in all England a prettier or a quieter village than Stanton Harcourt, which nestles in lovely, rural, wooded surroundings, off the beaten track, close to Oxford. Its name is derived from its association with the Harcourt family, who settled there during the reign of Henry VI. Still to be seen in the centre of the village are the remains of the old manor house, including the Chapel with "Pope's Tower," where the poet during his residence there, 1716-18, translated Homer.

### WHERE DISRAELI MADE LOVE.

**LORD CHESTERFIELD** dated many of his famous and now seldom read "Letters to His Son" from Bretby Hall. The palatial old mansion, designed by Inigo Jones, had gardens and fountains and other features in the grounds, which caused some critics to assert that they surpassed even those of Chatsworth. It was demolished in 1780 with the idea of rebuilding on a more magnificent scale, but these hopes were not realised. The present Hall, dating from the year of Waterloo, is barely one-fourth the size of that which formerly stood there and, even on the smaller scale, failed to secure completion according to the full designs. Traces are discernible, in the vicinity, of the ancient castle of Bretby, which was pulled down in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

When Bretby changed hands some little time ago the Hall and park were almost immediately sold to the Derbyshire County Council, which body has this week resolved to convert the seat into a convalescent home for consumptive patients. When the necessary remodelling has been made a large number of cases will be treated there, and it is expected that fifty patients will take up their residence in the present year. The Hall had nearly two centuries of social and political distinction, and imaginative writers have made great play with Disraeli's frequent visits to the widowed Lady Chesterfield, to whom he is said to have proposed twice or thrice at Bretby. **ARBITER.**